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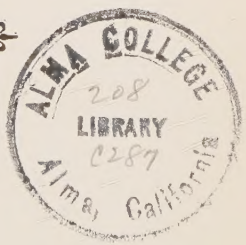
VOL. XXXIII.



LONDON:
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
21 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.;
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1897.

31994

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THE ANGLICAN REPLY TO THE POPE'S CONDEMNATION OF ANGLICAN ORDERS.

BY CARDINAL VAUGHAN.[1]

ALL who have eyes to perceive spiritual gifts must be sensible of the religious movement which is at present stirring men's minds and consciences in this country. God's grace is being poured out upon England, and men are becoming unsettled in their old prejudices and errors as a preliminary to a recognition of the truth.

A few days ago an important document, being the Reply of the Church of England to the Pope's condemnation of Anglican Orders, was given to the public by the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury and York. Its tone and temper are just what we should expect from prelates who are as refined and cultured as they are earnest and sincere. I am not going to attempt to refute or to discuss the multitude of points with which that document bristles; but I may say that they are formidable only to those who are not experts in this particular branch of study. Nor am I going to

[1] An Address delivered at St. John's, Great Ormond Street, on Sunday, March 14, 1897.

argue in general the question of the validity of Anglican Orders: that is a question settled for ever so far as the Catholic Church is concerned.[1] My sole object this morning is to clear up a single point, which is left ambiguous in the Archbishops' document—a point, however, which is of the very essence of the whole subject. My belief is that it is important that Catholics and Anglicans should understand each other as clearly as possible, and that it is all gain when we can definitely lay our finger upon the real points at issue between us.

A Point at Issue: the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

If we can come to a substantial agreement as to what we respectively mean by the Eucharistic sacrifice, the cause of truth and straightforwardness will be served, even though we may continue to differ on the question of the Christian priesthood.

In order to remove the ambiguity, which the public might easily pass over, I must first observe that the Anglican Archbishops state clearly enough what they hold to be the functions of the ordained priest. With regard to the Eucharist they say that the Anglican priest rightly ordained alone, and no other minister of the Church, has the power of consecrating. "We truly teach the "doctrine of the Eucharistic sacrifice, and do not "believe it to be 'a nude commemoration of the "sacrifice of the Cross.' But we think it sufficient "in the liturgy which we use in celebrating the

[1] The whole question of Anglican Orders is lucidly and exhaustively treated by Monsignor Moyes in a series of articles which began in March, 1897, in *The Tablet*.

"Holy Eucharist—while lifting up our hearts to "the Lord, and when now consecrating the gifts "already offered that they may become to us[1] "the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ "—to signify the sacrifice which is offered at "that point of the service in such terms as these. "We continue a perpetual memory of the precious "death of Christ, who is our Advocate with the "Father and the propitiation for our sins accord-"ing to His precept until His coming again. For "first we offer the sacrifice of prayer and thanks-"giving; then next we plead and represent "before the Father the sacrifice of the Cross, and "by it we confidently entreat remission of sins "and all other benefits of the Lord's Passion for "the whole Church; and, lastly, we offer the "sacrifice of ourselves to the Creator of all "things which we have already signified by the "oblations of His creatures. This whole action, "in which the people has necessarily to take its "part with the priest, we are accustomed to call "the Eucharistic sacrifice."

We have in these words a valuable statement of what the Archbishops mean by the Eucharistic sacrifice.

Now the ministry of the Catholic priest is all this, when taken in its Catholic sense, but it is much more. The further powers claimed by the Catholic priesthood I need not express in words drawn from the Council of Trent, which Anglicans would say represents only the Latin Church.

[1] I notice that the Prayer-book says "that they may *be* to us," not "that they may *become* to us."

The Belief of the Eastern Churches.

But I will take them from the definitions of the Council of Jerusalem held in 1673, which are adopted by the Patriarchs of the Orthodox Church; and I quote from this Council the more willingly because these definitions have been within the last three years put forward by the Provost Alexios Maltzew, the learned and active head of the chapel attached to the Russian Embassy in Berlin, as the dogmatic definition of the belief of the entire Orthodox Churches of the East, Russian and Greek. As he points out, they were "in the year 1723 forwarded to the Bishops of Great Britain"—that is to say, to the non-juror bishops, who at that time were seeking some union with the Eastern Church. In some few points the late Dr. Neale gives a somewhat different version, but I prefer to follow Dr. Maltzew, who must be presumed to know the real belief of the Church of which he has always been a member, and the terms in which the nature of that belief can be most suitably conveyed to us Westerns. These are the words of the Council of Jerusalem, embodying the belief of the Eastern and Russian Churches:

"We believe that in the celebration of this "Sacrament (*ἱερουγίας*) our Lord Jesus Christ "is present not by way of type or image, nor "by any super-excellency of grace, as in the "other sacraments, but verily and in deed, so "that after the consecration of the bread and "the wine the bread is changed, transubstantiated, "transmuted, and passes into the very Body of "the Lord, who was born in Bethlehem of the "most pure Virgin, &c., and the wine is trans-

"muted and transubstantiated into the very true "Blood of the Lord which, when He hung upon "the Cross, was shed for the life of the world.

"Further, we believe that after the consecration "of the bread and wine the substance of the "bread and wine no longer remains" [Neale "has, "the very bread and wine no longer "remain"], "but the very Body and Blood of "our Lord, under the appearance and form of "bread and wine.

"Further, we believe that the Body and Blood "of the Lord in the mystery of the Eucharist" "[Neale omits the last four words] ought to be "honoured in the highest degree and worshipped "with Divine worship.

"Further, we believe it to be a true propitiatory "sacrifice for all the faithful, living and dead, and "for the benefit of all." [1]

In these words it will be seen, as recently contended by Mr. Birrell and Mr. J. H. Round, that "it is the Sacrifice of the Mass that matters." This is a point that appeals not only to the learned few, but to every devout Christian soul. This is the root and the very heart of the discussion on Anglican Orders. This is the root of the invalidity of the Anglican Ordinal, which deliberately rejected every reference to the Sacrifice of the Altar, while the reformers everywhere turned the altars out of the churches and excluded all mention of a sacrifice from the Book of Common Prayer. This is the real explanation why the Bishop of Salisbury, who a few years ago was at great pains to induce the little Jansenist community in

[1] *Die Liturgien der Orthodox-Katholischen Kirche des Morgenlandes von Alexios Maltzew.* Berlin. Kronprinzenufer 30. 1894.

Holland to recognize Anglican Orders, failed in his attempt. The root of the whole matter was clearly seen, and the issue definitely stated in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Latimer declared that "the Popish consecration, then transubstantiation, then oblation, and then adoration, be the very sinews and marrow-bones of the Mass," adding, "If you take away oblation and adoration, which do hang upon consecration and transubstantiation, the most Papist of them all will not set a button by the Mass."

Orders Correlative with Sacrifice.

Let me now endeavour to clear up the ambiguity I began by referring to. If the contention of the Anglican Archbishops means anything it means that the Orders of the Anglican Church are identical with the Orders of the Roman and Eastern Churches, or, as the late Archbishop of Canterbury said: "They are in origin, continuity, matter, form, intention, and all that belongs to them, identical with those of the Church of Rome." It is evident, therefore, that the Archbishops intend to claim for the Anglican priesthood all the powers claimed by the priesthood of the Eastern and Western Churches. Now here lies the ambiguity. Do they really claim these powers? Do they claim the power to produce the actual living Christ Jesus by transubstantiation upon the altar, according to the claim of the priesthood of the Eastern and Western Churches? But we have seen, from the Archbishop's definition of the Anglican Eucharistic sacrifice, that their sacrifice is in fact an essentially different sacrifice from that announced and defined in the

Councils of Trent and Jerusalem. According to the Anglican Archbishops, the Anglican priesthood claims no miraculous, supernatural, sacrificial powers, such as are exercised by the priesthood of the Eastern and Western Churches. So far, therefore, according to their own showing, the Anglican priesthood is as different from the Roman and Greek priesthood as their sacrifice is different from ours.

Under these circumstances I fail to understand why they complain of the judgment of the Pope, who is bound to pronounce judgment from the standpoint of Catholic doctrine, and must be understood to refer to the priesthood in the Catholic sense. Of course the present situation would be considerably changed were the Anglican Archbishops to have proposed the sacrificial doctrine, as given in the quotation from the Council of Jerusalem, as the true Christian faith held by themselves, their suffragans, and by the members of the Established Church. They then would have been in harmony with the Roman, the Greek, and Russian Communions on the doctrine of the Mass. But their definition of the Eucharistic sacrifice excludes all idea of the objective sacrifice of Jesus Christ upon the altar—of Jesus Christ as the Divine Victim and Priest of the Mass. If, then, they cannot bring themselves into line with the teaching on the Eucharistic sacrifice common to both East and West, how can they legitimately complain that they are not recognized as possessing powers of priesthood which they themselves do not claim to have ?

As to the multitude of details which are gathered round the central point of the Reply

to the Bull condemning Anglican Orders, they need give you no trouble. They will be dealt with in due time by the experts who are perfectly familiar with them. But what all may do is to pray. Faith is a gift of God, made up of a light penetrating the intellect and of grace and strength imparted to the will. It is a gift which no mere industry, study, or human effort can secure for the soul. It is in the hand of God. When we come to be judged we shall see that He has truly been both the Author and Perfecter of our faith, so that no flesh shall glory in His sight. Pray, then, and obtain fervent prayers for an abundant effusion upon England of the gift of Divine faith. A great number of souls seem to be very near to the faith. Perhaps God is waiting for our prayers in order to bring them into the one fold.

The Reply of the Anglican Archbishops to the Pope.

(REPRINTED FROM THE *TABLET*.)

THE Anglican Archbishops have published their Reply to the Papal condemnation of Anglican Orders. The document is before us, and it verifies to the letter the forecast which Catholics had formed of its probable purport. It has omitted what people shrewdly expected it would omit. It has said nothing more than has been said already. It is most useful and interesting as a full and official statement of the Anglican case, but it is perhaps no disparagement to say that it has added to that case not a single new fact, not a single new argument. The Anglican Bishops, speaking collectively as a body, are naturally steadied by forces and fettered by conditions from which individual writers of the more advanced section of Anglicanism are comparatively free. As a consequence, the present-

ment of the Anglican case, which has already passed under the scrutiny of Leo XIII. and his advisers during the recent inquiry, was, we have no hesitation in saying, something in every way much stronger and much more exhaustive, and undoubtedly in some respects more ably put together than the document which has just been given to the public. Certainly, Leo XIII. will find in the latter nothing that he has not seen before; on the other hand, he will miss much which less responsible advocates had pressed upon his consideration.

However, our task for the moment is not one of criticism, although there is much in the reply that calls for a corrective. There is the generally inaccurate treatment and often fanciful interpretation of ancient Forms of Ordination. There is the attempt to smooth over the plain fact that these ancient forms, without exception, contain elements of sufficiency (such as determination of the order in the prayer associated with the laying on of hands) which the Anglican Ordinal does not possess. There is, running through the whole of the Reply, the fallacy that mere verbal identity can suffice where sense and signification have been altered, and the consequent fallacy that a parity can be assumed between the signification of ancient forms, of which the comparative brevity or vagueness is innocent and orthodox, and perfectly compatible with the true *Sensus*, and the signification of a sixteenth century Ordinal that

came into existence by the mutilation of the Catholic Pontifical, and by a process in which, by set purpose, the whole signification of the Sacrificial function of the Priesthood was ruthlessly torn out.

There is the surprising assumption that by some strange necessity Leo XIII. is bound down in matters of mere theological opinion to agree with Cardinal de Lugo when the latter propounds a theory of moral unity of rite, while no reason is vouchsafed why the Pope (if he alone in the Catholic Church must be so fettered) should not be equally bound to agree with the greater number of theologians who do not accept De Lugo's theory—or why, if he is bound to agree with De Lugo on this point, he should not be equally bound to agree with him in his opinion as to the essential necessity of the *Porrectio Instrumentorum*. There is also the brand-new set of respectable motives and aims which have so recently been found for Cranmer and his fellow-compilers of the Ordinal. Thus, we are gravely asked to believe that they were actuated by a love of primitive antiquity; for instance, when they abolished the ceremonies of unctions, which are as old as the British Church, and retained the "Take the Holy Ghost," which dates only from the late Middle Ages, and when they removed some of the most ancient passages of the consecration prayer, which dates from the early centuries, and adopted absolutely modern

material from prayers freshly composed by the German Reformers. We are also asked to believe that they were actuated by a love of liturgical simplicity, and that the reason why they abolished the delivery of the chalice and host, was simply their desire to concentrate attention on the imposition of hands as the main act of ordination; and we are not told why, if this was the case, they should have proceeded at once to substitute for the delivery of the chalice and host, a new and equally prominent ceremony of the delivery of the Bible, and why the concentration of attention and law of simplicity which were destroyed by the one were found to be perfectly unharmed by the other. The sound common sense of the public can hardly fail to appreciate the utter childishness of this desperate effort to account for the liturgical changes made by the English Reformers by any and every motive save that which every Englishman, who has read the history and literature of the Reformation, knows in his heart to be *the* motive—the resolve which the Reformers themselves so loudly declared, to remove all trace of Sacrifice from the celebration of the Lord's Supper. There is no need to mention the Appendix to the reply, which is merely a reproduction of certain views of Mr. Lacey on the Gordon case, which have been already refuted by Father Ryder in the columns of *The Guardian*.

These and other points may be left to be dealt

with elsewhere. Our task in the present article is the really unnecessary one of pointing out one main feature in this Episcopal Rejoinder which is indeed so palpable that there will be few Catholics who have read it who will not already have found it out for themselves.

At this hour of the day, everybody in Christendom knows that when Leo XIII. condemned Anglican Orders his condemnation centred mainly and capitally in two luminously plain facts. Fact number one—that the Anglican Church at the Reformation rejected the doctrine of the *Sacerdotium* or Sacrificing Priesthood and the objective Eucharistic sacrifice taught by the Catholic Church. Fact number two—that the Anglican Church, in consequence, eliminated from the Ordinal all expression of a Sacrificial Priesthood, just as, for the same reason, it eliminated with equal care every expression of sacrifice from the Eucharistic Liturgy. An Ordination form which had been thus deliberately eviscerated of that which it was chiefly bound to signify could not be valid or sufficient. The Pope said so, and unless he had abandoned all Catholic theology, and reduced the sacramental forms of the Christian Church to the level of mere magical spells, he could not have said otherwise. This being so, the path of the Anglican Bishops who would enter upon a defence of their Orders was rendered unmistakably plain. In the two facts just mentioned lay the brunt of the attack. To

them a reply, if it was to be a reply at all, must necessarily be directed.

"Why are ye afraid?"

Let us put it for them:

"First, the Church of England at the Reformation, as since then, has ever held that the Eucharist is not only a Sacrament, but a Sacrifice, and this Sacrifice is not merely one of praise or thanksgiving, or of the worshippers and their gifts, or a representation of a past Sacrifice, but is a real and objective and actual Sacrifice in which Christ is truly present and constantly offers Himself as a Victim upon the altar.

"Secondly, the Church of England at the Reformation, as since then, has ever held that her bishops and priests possess a true *Sacerdotium* or Sacrificing Priesthood, and that to them in Ordination is given the mystic power to cause Christ to be really present on the altar, and to offer Christ as the Victim of salvation in the sacrifice of the Mass, even as taught in common by the Church in Rome, and by the Churches of the East.

"These were the beliefs which animated and actuated the Bishops of the Church of England, who shaped and sanctioned her Ordinal and Liturgy, and it was in accordance with these beliefs that were adopted the liturgical changes made at the English Reformation."

This is the minimum which the task of refuting the Bull would have required that the Anglican Bishops should say. And this is precisely what

they have been at pains *not* to say. Their omission is fatal, significant, and eloquent.

Surely the formula we have just mentioned is a sufficiently plain and straightforward statement to make! No one requires integrity of Eucharistic belief as a condition of validity, but every one requires that the Form shall not be mutilated in its essential signification. Half a page would have so easily contained it! It alone would have availed more of a refutation of the Bull before the Catholic world than twenty sections of hesitations and evasions. And yet the Anglican Archbishops could not, would not, dare not make it. Again, is not this document of the Anglican Bishops addressed to the "Bishops of the Catholic Church"? What Bishop in the Roman Church or in the Greek Church would dream of denying the *Sacerdotium* or the objective Sacrifice? They were speaking to "brethren." What, then, was there to fear? If the Anglican body be really an integral part of the "Catholic Church," holding the Catholic faith in common with the Greek and the Roman, what more easy, what more rational, what more needful than to make this testimony to these "fellow Catholics." Standing at the bar of Christendom, with the cause of Reunion at stake, and their Orders and very existence as a Church challenged by the deliberate judgment of the chief See of the Christian world, surely it was not a time for faltering utterance or stammering speech, and least of all upon the subject of Sacrifice and

Sacerdotium! Only a short and simple word to say. Why did the Bishops of the Church of England not say it?

There is no need that we should go for an answer to the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool.

Such an affirmation as we have traced for the Anglican prelates would have been a defiance of facts, and could only have been made in the teeth of Reformation history, and of the Protestantism, past and present, of England. It is quite true that it, and nothing less than it, could have in any way met the arguments of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. But it is something which could not be said with truthfulness. The Anglican Bishops, to their credit be it spoken, have wisely shrunk from saying it, and their reticence is the more heroic, for, in leaving it unsaid, they have had to sacrifice the only plea of defence of their Orders which to a Catholic mind would be worth a moment's consideration, and have had to leave the indictment of the Papal Bull practically untouched, and its arguments practically unanswered.

When we say that the Anglican Archbishops have found themselves by their position and history precluded from giving the only answer which would be worth giving, we do not mean to convey that they have altogether avoided the subject. That, of course, would have been impracticable. Whether, if you are not prepared to storm a breach, it is better not to approach it, and

whether a feeble plea that compromises the speaker is better than none at all, are matters which we may leave to the soldier or the lawyer. It is enough to say that the subject of the Sacerdotium or Sacrificing Priesthood, although so explosive that the mere discussion of it would suffice to rend into two sections the whole bench of Anglican Bishops, could not be ignored in replying to a Bull which, more than all things else, was concerned with it. Even if the writers of the reply had wished to leave it in the nebulous vagueness of speech which in Anglican theology so often serves the purpose of diplomatic silence, the occasion was one on which they could not easily have done so. The Archbishops seem to have been in the difficulty which consists in not wishing to tackle a subject, while in the impossibility of leaving it alone. The task of dealing with it was distinctly a delicate one, and it is not a little interesting to note the manner in which the writers of the reply have acquitted themselves. All students of Reformation history are familiar with the well-known method of Cranmer, in effecting or defending his religious innovations. It might be summed up as follows. Change and sweep away what is popish if you can: but if you are obliged to go slowly and proceed tentatively, then retain or admit the *name* of the Catholic doctrine; but when you have done so, set yourself to change or explain away the meaning which underlies it. Under the cover of

the outward formula remaining the same, strive to gradually substitute the pure and reformed doctrine. When Gardiner pressed him hard with a text from the Council of Ephesus, Cranmer at once parried his adversary's point by admitting that in the Eucharist "there is a Sacrifice." But, having said so, he took care afterwards to explain that what he meant was Sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, or Sacrifice in the sense of a "commemoration" of the past Sacrifice offered once and for all upon the Cross. When at another time pressed as to its efficacy, he admitted that the Eucharist was not a nude commemoration. In the sense that Christ was really offered in it? Not at all; only in the sense that grace was given to those who worthily took part in it! The method is really an old one, and the Arian conjured with it in his day. Leave the label; change the doctrinal article beneath it. Keep the sound; change the sense. Even the Unitarian does not deny that Christ is the Son of God. He only changes the meaning of the Sonship.

The Anglican reply on the Sacrificial Priesthood has followed the method of Cranmer upon the lines of Jewell. The necessity of meeting the argument of the Bull demanded an affirmation, as clear as possible, of the doctrine of the Sacerdotium, and the admission of the Catholic terminology. But, in loyalty to their conscience and their Church, and with Protestant England and three centuries of Reformation beliefs behind

them, the Archbishops felt that it demanded also that process of explanation which, alas! explains away into mere shadows and simulations all that it had promised of Catholic teaching. We take an example. The Archbishops say:

"But we answer as regards the passages quoted by the Pope, that we make provision with the greatest reverence for the consecration of the Holy Eucharist, and commit it only to properly ordained priests, and to no other minister of the Church."

Now if the writers intended these words to be in any sense an answer to the Pope, they must have known that the whole question turned upon what the Anglican Church understands by "consecration" of the Holy Eucharist. Does it mean merely blessing bread and wine, in the sense in which we consecrate graveyards or altar-stones? Or does it mean an act of supernatural power by which the priest, as the ancient Gallican form says, "transforms the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ," so as to cause Christ, as a Victim, to be really and objectively present in his hands and upon the altar! The very nature of the matter with which the Archbishops were dealing, and of the cogency of the reply they were making, cried out peremptorily for a plain, precise statement. Now and here was exactly the moment to make it.

They pass it over.

They continue: "Further, we truly teach the

doctrine of Eucharistic sacrifice, and do not believe it be 'a nude commemoration of the Sacrifice of the Cross,' an opinion which seems to be attributed to us by the quotation made by that Council (Trent)."

What could be better? Surely here we can imagine that profession of Catholic Faith that makes the Anglican at one in Eucharistic belief with the Greek and the Roman?

But hold!—we must wait for the explanation. Here it is. "But we think it sufficient in the Liturgy which we use in celebrating the Holy Eucharist—while lifting up our hearts to the Lord, and when now consecrating the gifts already offered that they become to us the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ—to signify the sacrifice which is offered at that point of the service in such terms as these: We continue a perpetual memory of the precious death of Christ who is our Advocate with the Father and the propitiation for our sins, according to His precept, until His coming again." (Observe, not an offering of Christ which is propitiatory, but a memory of the death of Christ who is our propitiation. Luther or Calvin could really not have put it better.) "For first we offer a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; then next we plead and represent before the Father the Sacrifice of the Cross, and by it we confidently entreat the remission of sins and all other benefits of the Lord's Passion for the whole Church; and lastly we

offer the sacrifice of ourselves to the Creator of all things, which we have already signified by the oblation of His creatures. The whole action, in which the people has necessarily to take part with the priest, we are accustomed to call the Eucharistic Sacrifice."

And this curious mixture of Lutheran and Zuinglian heresy is absolutely all that Anglicanism can lay before Christendom as its doctrine of Sacrifice and *Sacerdotium!*

1. Continuation of a *memory* of the death of Christ.

2. Sacrifice of *praise* and *thanksgiving*.

3. Pleading or *representation* of the Sacrifice of the Cross.

4. Sacrifice of the *worshippers themselves*.

In a word, everything but that which the Catholic Church and the Churches of the East understand by the name. The most pitiable of all things—the name of Sacrifice with the Reality left out. Is it not an offering? Yes, but of "gifts" and "creatures"! Is it not a sacrifice? Yes, but of "praise and thanksgiving," and of "ourselves"! Does it not refer to Christ? Yes, but as "memory of His death" in the past. Just anything or everything, but that actual offering of Christ on the altar which all Catholic or Greek Christendom understands by the Sacrifice of the Altar. When the Anglican offering is actual, it is not of Christ but of gifts or worshippers, or praise or thanksgiving. When it is of Christ, it is no

longer actual, but as a memory or representation of a sacrifice that is past.

Between such Eucharistic teaching and the Catholic doctrine of the Mass, there is a chasm which yawns a-gape by the whole breadth of the Protestant Reformation.

It is no exaggeration to say that in thus laying bare to the theological gaze of the Christian world, not only the hollowness, but the essentially Protestant heresy which enters into the Anglican conception of the whole Eucharistic sacrifice, and the *Sacerdotium*, and into the signification of the Ordinal, the Anglican Archbishops have done far more than Catholic writers could ever have done to furnish an eloquent and irrefutable confirmation of both the arguments and the decision of Leo XIII. in the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. It is fortunately issued in Latin as well as in English. No Catholic theologian here or abroad will rise from its perusal without feeling that if this be the Anglican doctrine of the Eucharist, and if this be the signification which the Form of their Ordinal was framed to express, little wonder that Leo XIII. condemned their Orders, but great wonder indeed if he had done otherwise. The Anglican Archbishops have put forth a reply which will be read by the Catholic world at large as a candid exposition, not of Catholic Eucharistic faith, but of the lack of it. They have indeed borne authentic witness to the signification of their Ordinal, but for the

cause of advanced Anglicanism and for the advocates of Anglican Orders never did more terrible witnesses enter the witness-box. They have added nothing new to the case, and they have volunteered the whole weight of their testimony to the Eucharistic beliefs which shaped the Ordinal, in a way which overwhelmingly corroborates and confirms the main gist of the Papal judgment. By addressing this reply to Christendom at large they will have put into the hands of every Catholic and Greek Bishop what they each will feel to be not only a justification of the Papal decision, but a manifesto of the essentially Protestant and Reformational conception of the Sacrifice of the Altar which is held by the Anglican Communion. They will have shown that it is they who, by clinging to these tenets of Luther, of Zuingle, and of Cranmer, and of Jewell, against the Catholic doctrine as taught and held by three-fourths of the Christian world in East and West, constitute themselves the most perverse and insurmountable barriers to the reunion of Christendom. They have inscribed on their reply the text, "Give peace, O Lord, in our days." But while they hold beliefs on the Sacrifice of the New Law, which both Greek and Roman cannot but condemn as heresy and treason to Catholic Faith, who does not see that it is they who close against themselves the doors of Catholic peace and unity? They cry, "Peace, peace," in

the same breath with the profession of doctrines as to which in loyalty to Christ there can be no peace. We can only with prayer and patience, and never-failing charity, wait until, by God's guiding grace, the day may arrive when they may come, with the conviction of our Catholic Faith in their consciences, to claim their part in our Catholic heritage. Then, indeed, there will be the peace of Christ between us, and widely and gladly will the gates of Catholic unity be thrown open to receive them.

CHURCH MUSIC.

A PASTORAL LETTER

BY THE RIGHT REV. JOHN CUTHBERT HEDLEY, O.S.B.

BISHOP OF NEWPORT.

It is not on a matter of faith, or of essential Christian morality, that we propose to address you in this Lenten Pastoral; but on a subject which, nevertheless, has its importance, and on which most of us have our opinions, our feelings, and our tastes; that is to say, on CHURCH MUSIC. It will be very useful to recall certain principles of piety, certain traditions of Divine worship, and to indicate to some extent how these should be observed and carried out.

First, then, dear children in Jesus Christ, let us recall to mind that there can be nothing greater, nothing nobler, among the external and visible occupations of man upon this earth, than the worship of Almighty God. We read, in the Apocalypse of St. John, how He is worshipped in the heavens where His Glory dwelleth; how

the angels and the saints throng around the everlasting Throne, spending every power, and consuming their glorious being, in adoration, thanksgiving, and praise for evermore. These glowing descriptions of the Apostolic Seer can be verified only spiritually of the citizens of heaven. But they were written for the instruction of mortal men. The spirit of man, immortal as it is, dwells in a body, acts through bodily organs, and depends in a thousand ways on the external life lived in common with other men; and it is for man to follow afar off the example of the blessed, and to translate the ritual of the heavens into the language of this earth of ours. The most Holy Trinity claims, first indeed, our spirit's adoration, and our heart's love; but it also claims that constant outward, visible, public homage, which not only is the debt and duty of a corporeal being, but also lifts up, carries on and intensifies the acts of the spirit itself.

The Christian upon earth, bound as he is to adore and praise his heavenly Father, possesses a means, a ritual act, a solemn ceremony of most profound significance and efficacy, instituted by Jesus Christ, for the grand purpose of at once offering to God the earth's profoundest homage, and of bringing down upon men the fulness of the grace and mercy of God. This, we need not tell you, is the great Eucharistic Sacrifice, commonly called the Mass. The sanctity and power of the Mass are derived from the fact that it is the perpetually renewed sacrifice of Jesus Christ Him-

self. This being so, the whole Christian universe is necessarily drawn around the Eucharistic altar. Day by day, all the world over, that great act takes place. The priesthood perform it, the people recognize in it the grand means of grace; the devout never miss it, the grateful love to join in it, the God-fearing cling to it, the repentant trust in it; the poor claim it as theirs, the rich come there to kneel beside the poor; whilst the laws of Christian countries bow to it, politics and commerce pause to acknowledge it, armies salute it, and kings bring their trains and their riches to the sanctuaries of its celebration. The Mass is the great act of worship, thanksgiving, and praise which unites, or should unite, all Christian men in public, solemn, and perpetual homage to the God of heaven and earth—Who hath made us by His power, redeemed us by His Blood, sanctified us by His grace, and destined us to His eternal glory.

The celebration of the Holy Eucharist, or the Mass, which from apostolic times downwards has always been the chief and central religious act of the Christian Church, has ever been accompanied by venerable forms of prayer and august ceremonial. These prayers and ceremonies, surrounding the Eucharistic consecration and communion, have varied to some extent in their details in different centuries and different localities. But the order of the Mass, speaking generally, has always been as follows: first, psalms and confession as a preparation; next, the

reading of Scripture and of the holy gospels; thirdly, the offering of the elements of bread and wine; fourthly, the solemn prayers of Eucharistic worship—the Sanctus and the Canon of the Mass; fifthly, the Consecration prayers, whereby the bread and wine become the Body and Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ; sixthly, the Lord's Prayer; and seventhly, the breaking of the Host and the Communion. This is what is called the liturgy. Other religious acts, such as vespers, certain "blessings" and processions, and all ceremonies which relate to the Blessed Sacrament, such as Benediction, are included in the word liturgy; but chiefly and by excellence the liturgy means the Mass.

You will at once perceive, dear children in Jesus Christ, why we have thus dwelt upon the duty of worship and upon the Christian liturgy. A certain part of that liturgy is associated with *Music*. Other arts besides music have been called upon to enhance the piety and solemnity of the liturgical office—architecture, painting, sculpture, the craft of the loom and of the worker in silver and gold. But Music has her place very near the altar; for it is music which is the setting and the adornment of some of the most beautiful and solemn prayers which precede or accompany the great act of sacrifice. No sooner do the sacred ministers of the High Mass approach the foot of the altar than the chant is heard of the Introit—that adaptation of the psalms of David which ushers in the sacred function. Close upon this

follow the strains of the *Kyrie eleison*—that Litany, as the ancient writers call it, which expresses the cry for mercy of a contrite heart. Next comes the *Gloria in excelsis*—the hymn of the angels—the "great doxology," as it used to be called, which praises God for the Incarnation and the holy Name of Jesus. Between the chant of the epistle by the sub-deacon and that of the gospel by the deacon, there comes a strain of psalm and antiphon, with the repetition of the mystic "Alleluia," or with the long-drawn Tract—like the chorus of an old Greek tragedy, commenting in lyric phrase upon the mystery or festival of the day. The holy gospel is followed by the chant of the Credo—that Creed of the two great Councils of the Church which defined the Trinity and the Incarnation. The Offertory versicle accompanies the offering of the bread and wine. The thrice-repeated "Sanctus" marks the beginning of the most solemn part of the Mass. The Agnus Dei prepares all hearts for the Holy Communion. And finally, during the Communion of the people is sung the verse which always so touchingly embodies a devout thought drawn from the day's office.

What, beloved brethren, is the first reflection that rises in the mind when we thus consider the connection of music with the great Christian liturgy? Surely this—that the music of that august rite must be no common music, but music that is appropriated, sanctified, and completely dominated by the liturgy itself. If we are to

worship by or with music, music must be worthy of the act of worship. If the Mass admits music, the Mass must have music of its own—music dedicated to it, made for it, fashioned to honour and enhance it—just as royalty has its proper robes, or as a devoted artist carves a precious casket to hold and guard the charter of his city's freedom. Music, like other arts, is not essentially religious. She may minister to many moods of humanity, throughout the whole scale of human passion and feeling, obedient alike to him who lifts her high and to him who dishonours her in the dust. But surely, if it be possible—if the skill and devotion of Christian hearts can accomplish it—there must be a difference set up and established between the music of the Eucharistic liturgy—the music of the sacrifice—the music of the Blessed Sacrament—and all other strains, modes, uses, and fashions of music whatsoever. It would be a less evil that she should sacrifice some of her sweetness and her power, than that she should be the means of dragging adoration down to the world's prose, or the flesh's baseness, or the devil's arts of diversion. It would be better to silence her for ever in the sanctuary than bring in over the Church's threshold an atmosphere of unworthy passion, or mundane frivolity, or even of mere human and heathen art, unhallowed by the Blood of the redemption. If we cannot keep her wholly for the Mass, and the Mass alone, then we must set apart and keep some phase, some fashion of her noble science, and use no other—just as

the sacrificial robes differ from the garments of daily life, and the chalice of the altar from the cups and the drinking-vessels of the common world.

Our desires would go further than this. For the service of the ancient Temple of Sion, which has passed away, God inspired King David to set apart the sons of Asaph, Heman and Idithun to "prophesy with harps and with psalteries and with cymbals" (1 Paralip. xxv. 1). Yes, to prophesy. For the words of the Divine liturgy are always words of prophecy—of sure and certain augury, of promises daily fulfilled and to be fulfilled through all generations. Who, then, shall be entrusted with the ministry of music and song in the temples of the new and more ample Covenant? Shall they not be set apart from other men? Should they not be holy and zealous, joining goodness to skill, and true religious feeling with the exercise of their sweet and noble art? For they sing in the "sight of the angels" (Ps. cxxxvii. 1)—and were it permitted, the angelic hosts themselves would throng from the heavens to bring their golden harps and their everlasting song to the service of the Christian altar.

You are aware that there is a certain description of vocal music which the Church has adopted and calls her own. It is termed the Plain Chant, or the ecclesiastical chant—also the Gregorian Chant, from the name of the great Pope, St. Gregory, who set it in order and enriched it, at

the very beginning of the seventh century. All those portions of the holy liturgy which are to be sung have been set to Gregorian Chant. It is the Church's own song. She preserves and watches over it from age to age; and the Council of Trent ordains that every Church student in the seminaries shall be taught to understand and use it. It is a kind of chant of which many of our people know nothing, and which many of those who are to some extent acquainted with it too frequently profess to depreciate and dislike.

But let it be remembered that the Gregorian Chant, in order to be appreciated, requires study, use, and intelligence. The same may be said of every species of music and of every school. There are, it is true, simple and taking melodies, and bursts of choral harmony, which even the uneducated ear can catch and enjoy. But the human faculties are capable of more than this. All emotions which depend upon the senses alone are necessarily short-lived. A tune, if it be a tune and nothing more, quickly becomes common and stale. The reason is, that it does not touch or stir those powers of man which lie below the surface, and which, though not so quickly affected as the senses, are nevertheless far more deep-seated, far more tenacious, and far more truly of the essence of human nature. Music, to a human being, is a very poor emotional excitement, unless it is a vehicle for something higher than tune and harmony. It must express mind, and must be addressed to mind. Even the greatest of instru-

mental symphonies derive their permanent power of delighting partly from study, comparison, and association, and even more from a knowledge or an assumption of the ideas or the story which the composer desires to express or relate. By association, comparison, reflection, and intelligence—above all, therefore, by its conjunction with noble and touching *words*—music can be made to reach not only the ears and the feelings, but the heart, the imagination, the reason, and the spiritual soul. In order, therefore, to produce its deepest and most spiritual effects, music must first of all be of such strong texture and worthy idea as to be removed from that obviousness which speedily passes into staleness; and secondly, it must be associated with words. When we speak of Gregorian Chant—or indeed of any good and real church music—we do not speak of music merely as such, but of music which can only open upon the mind by study, and which is associated with words the holiest and the most sublime.

Is it not true that the very strangeness and inaccessibility of the Gregorian Chant render it all the more suitable for the liturgy? It is music of an age gone by—as the vestures of the sacrificing priest are survivals of past centuries. There is history in every phrase of it. Its progressions, its rises and falls, its intonations and its endings, are not heard in the modern world—not heard in the theatre, or the concert-room, or the street. He who would use it must seek it apart,

where the steps of men do not tread—as if he sought some old-fashioned flower, neglected and rare, to put upon the steps of the altar. When he comes to be familiar with it, he finds that it is a true art; that it has form, symmetry, variety, and beauty. He comes to love the turns of its stately melody, to recognize its sequences, at first so strange, and to rest in its unhackneyed closes—to rest as the Christian heart should rest, with the consciousness that the end is not yet, and that the final close of all can only be sung in eternity. Every feast, every mystery, connected with the holy liturgy grows to be associated with its proper and well-recognized musical phrase. The Introits of the greater festivals come like a triumphant invitation to the marriage feast of the Lamb. The Gradual breaks into praise of the saints, as if a banner were unfurled when lords and warriors pass by. The proper chant of the *Pange Lingua* brings back at every Benediction the memories of Corpus Christi. The two tones of the Lenten "Tract" are full of the sweet devotion of the Cross. Christmas antiphons, Easter alleluias, Whitsun hymns, Our Lady's vespers, St. Peter's Mass, the turns of the chant for all the seasons and the saints' days—these, to one who loves and studies the music of the Church, are every one full of edification, of pious memories, and of devout suggestion, such as can never be afforded by any music save that which is in a special way the Church's own.

But in order that the Church's chant may

effectively lift their hearts, the Church's children must be able to follow the words which give it form and soul. No one can understand what that chant is unless he can, at least in some degree, follow the liturgical words. Is it not worth while for all of us to try to read them, at least in a translation, and so to understand what is sung? These words are the noblest words of all language — words of ancient prophet and psalmist, words of doctor and pontiff, words of angels and apostles, words of the Son of God. They are words of adoration, praise, thanksgiving, sorrow, and petition; words of rejoicing, words of wailing, words of faith and of Divine love. It is the chanting of these words, in their times and seasons and hour, that quickens the prayer of those who daily sing the Divine Office. It is these words, lifted up on the rise and the swell of the melody, which bring thoughts of eternity, the feeling of the mercy of God, pictures of Nazareth and of Calvary, the fragrance of our Lady's royalty, and memories of the heroic love of the saints of old. Thus the chant of the Church is the handmaid of devotion, shutting out distraction like the walls of the sanctuary, and drawing the thoughts and the emotions to the altar and the Blessed Sacrament.

In countries like our own, and especially in a diocese like this, where the clergy are few, and the churches poor, it is not possible to give that attention to the Gregorian Chant without which its proper execution is impossible. Here and

there, it is true, it can assume its proper place—as in our Cathedral of St. Michael, where the canons and community chant the Daily Office, and where the Plain Song of the Church accompanies the sacred liturgy with a perfection of execution and a devotional effect to which all who have heard it can testify. In a few places, also, unison choirs, or children, have been taught to sing with accuracy and piety some of the less difficult portions of the music of the Mass; and a few choirs sing the vesper-antiphons, or the services of Holy Week.

Without pains and practice the Gregorian Chant is out of the question. But it would be well that the clergy and the choirs of churches should have their attention drawn to it. It is coming back. This generation, thanks to the efforts of skilled and devout musicians, is beginning to understand and appreciate the Church's idea in clinging to it. It is now seen that church music ought to be music of a distinct and peculiar kind. In proportion as the matter is looked into, it becomes clear that what church music has to do is to carry the sacred words of the liturgy; as the oxen in the Book of Kings carried the Ark of the Covenant—white, majestic, slow, and peaceful. Better, more elaborate, more brilliant, more taking music may perhaps be easily had; but not music that will be equally worthy of its sacred burden of adoration and prayer.

In the absence, however, of adequate means of learning or executing the Church's own chant, it

is still necessary, as it has been all along, to consider the question of using other kinds of music in the sacred liturgy. It is perfectly true that the Church admits and allows, even in the Mass, music which is not Gregorian Chant. But not every kind of music is permitted in church, whether at Mass or at other times. On this point, for the guidance of all, both priests and choirs, We would appeal to the principles already laid down in this Letter ; and We take this opportunity of giving one or two brief rules, grounded on those principles, and confirmed by authority greater than our own.

1. The first rule is taken word for word from the Ordinance published by Pope Leo XIII. two and a half years ago :[1] "In order to move the faithful to devotion and to be worthy of the house of God, all musical compositions used in church should be impregnated with the spirit of the sacred service at which they are used, and should religiously correspond with the meaning of the ritual and of the words.' This needs no commentary. But let us place side by side with it the admonitions set down by the great St. Bernard, seven hundred years ago. "Let the chant," says the great doctor, "be full of gravity ; let it be neither worldly nor too rude and poor . . . Let it be sweet, yet without levity, and whilst it pleases the

[1] Regolamento per la Musica Sacra, July 6, 1894 ; translated in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for 1894, p. 858.

ear let it move the heart. It should alleviate sadness, and calm the angry spirit. It should not contradict the sense of the words, but rather enhance it. For it is no slight loss of spiritual grace to be distracted from the profit of the sense by the levity of the chant; and to have our attention drawn to a mere vocal display when we ought to be thinking of what is sung" (St. Bernard, *Epistle* ccccxviii).

2. Whatever is to be sung in the Church should be approved by the priest, and not merely selected by the choir. For it is necessary that church music should not only be good music, but that it should be suitable music, and music which respects the sacred words; that it should not be too long; that there should not be too much repetition in it; and that there should not be long solos, or too many of them. (It is forbidden to have solos at Benediction and whenever the Blessed Sacrament is on the altar.)
3. The greatest care must be taken to exclude from the church all music, vocal or instrumental, which is worldly and profane; most especially music which carries with it any association with the theatre.
4. Those who are privileged to sing in our churches should remember that they are, in a certain sense, ministers of the altar; for they perform an office which, in the early ages, was discharged by ordained ministers. This is true most particularly of the Holy

> Sacrifice ; here they accompany, support, and answer the priest, who, in his official garments, offers in the name of Christ Jesus the Sacrifice of the New Covenant. A singer, therefore, in the Catholic Church, should be a devout Catholic, earnest and careful in behaviour, striving to understand what is sung, and ready to take such pains in learning and preparation that the laws of the Church may be obeyed, full justice done to the music, and the faithful edified and drawn to God. Singing should never be made an occasion for gratifying vanity or displaying vocal resources. All music which tends to bring some particular performer into prominent notice is better avoided. St. Bernard, speaking of certain singers of his day, said, "they sing to please the people rather than God."

It is not necessary at this moment, dear children in Jesus Christ, to say more. May God grant that these words may enkindle in the hearts of those who sing in our choirs—and who often show great zeal and marked ability—that religious feeling, that devotion and that modesty, without which the chant of the sanctuary is too apt to cause scandal to the faithful and suffering to good Catholics, and sometimes to furnish an occasion of scorn to those not of the fold. If the ideas and principles insisted upon by the Church herself, as briefly and imperfectly expressed in this Letter, be dutifully laid to heart by the clergy and the intel-

ligent laity, it will be possible, in God's good time, to carry out such a reorganization of our church music as may make it what it ought to be—not a tawdry imitation of the music of the outside world, but an art of its own, inspired by the sacred liturgy, and conforming in all things to the "pattern shown upon the mountain."

JETSAM.

By Aimée Sewell.

The wide, easy slope of semicircular plain, that half-truly suggests the idea that it has flowed down from Vesuvius to the Bay of Naples, is fringed, as all the world knows, by a chain of towns that sparkle along the shore from the city southwards towards Castellamare. The most important of these is Torre del Greco, as it is the most picturesque and the most historically interesting town of the group. The present Torre has two predecessors buried beneath it, if not more of which no record remains, and is still, from time to time, the victim of Nature's eccentricities. It is not only Vesuvius that produces revolutions in the villas and gardens that lie along the Mediterranean beach. The rippling sea that sparkles in gold or silver according to the hour, and deepens into indigo or pales to ultramarine at sunrise or sunset, is capable of lashing itself into one of the sudden childish furies that equally characterize the dwellers by its shore. It can heave in dull, foam-flecked green, or whip the unresisting beach in a purple-black rage, within an hour of beaming upon it with one of its sunniest smiles. One calls it

treacherous, but in fact the Mediterranean is only true to itself in such unchanging inconstancy. Torre knows it better than any place along its edge, and Torre, pounded from above, lashed from below, is an example of enduring love. It is popular in spite of all, and remains the favourite retreat of Neapolitans from Naples, the more so that it is only ten miles away. People even cross the bay from sunny Posilipo, which lives in full view of Torre, to breathe its lava-scented air, and the owners of villas along its front can readily let the houses they have so often to restore.

One of these villinas, a cottage rather than a house, was occupied a few years back by its Neapolitan owners, the Cortelli. The three people who composed the family group were as unlike in figure and features as in disposition. The middle-aged, indolent, studious priest who was its head differed as much from the elder of his two sisters, fat, hook-nosed, and loquacious, as he did from the younger, a slight, delicate-featured woman, with large, liquid eyes sunk with much weeping, and the soft, rustling movements of a woodland bird. Filomena had been a beautiful girl, and still possessed a faded loveliness that made her noticeable even in such a crowd as fills the new church of Our Lady of Pompei, which she frequented in the season of pilgrimages. It was the only diversity in Filomena's slow-moving life -a life that no Western woman except a Neapolitan could be found to lead, for it was an exaggeration even in her country and among her class. Marianna's life was more typical, and, tame as its course would seem to an English-

woman, she passed among her kind for an energetic and exemplary housewife; for she rose at six o'clock, and not at ten as most mistresses of a "cameriera" do, and when she had heard Mass, prepared her brother's coffee with her own hand. Having taken hers standing, while she watched him for any expression of a need on his part, she proceeded to help her servant in house and kitchen throughout the morning. The three o'clock dinner was cooked chiefly by her, and she had passed in review every item of the morning's shopping that Teresella brought in at the end of a long tour among the provision shops of the "section." In a town where no two kindred wants are provided by the same dealer, the daily marketing is a long as well as an essential process, and this Marianna spared herself, as her dignity demanded, though at some cost to her perceptions of true economy; for she was a better judge of household stores and gear than any of the hardworking servants who had passed towards perfection under the fire of her eye and the lash of her tongue.

The evening is the time for which Neapolitans live, and after the removal of dinner Marianna allowed herself the afternoon's rest that was to fit her for the "words, words, words," of evening sociability. She never went abroad—an exertion for which one would have said her ponderous figure unfitted her, did not one meet her equals in weight and circumference in every train in Naples. In the evening—for no more meals were required by the Cortelli household, unless one might rank as supper the bread and salad that Don Saverio ate towards midnight, and that his

sisters shared or not according to their inclinations—in the evening Marianna divested herself for the first time of the loose plaid jacket she had worn collarless over a black stuff skirt throughout the day, had her hair dressed by the maidservant, laced herself into stays, and put on an impressive silk gown. With a fan as the only occupation for her busy hands, she then took her seat on the huge sofa that was the most important feature of the tiled and scantily furnished salon, and prepared, with all the vigour that had characterized her household work, to talk.

This was in the summer months, when, after sunset, the bare, lofty room, that opened upon a narrow terrace, was filled each evening with a coterie of friends all alike in villeggiatura at Torre, who gathered round the Cortelli to talk and talk until the lamp that Teresella had placed on the console, where it formed the chief ornament of the room, began to droop and give a plain hint for leave-taking. The guests, settled for a motionless three hours, would otherwise have been willing to remain for another three, at the same high-tide of conversation and ebb of action. What they said, though not devoid of interest, would have been discussed in half an hour by English gossips, who then must have sought for other, and perhaps more mischievous, subjects; in Southern Italy adjectives and epithets are inexhaustible, and lengthen the shortest anecdote into a discourse.

Throughout all this Filomena generally remained silent, with a silence as supreme as the loquacity of her sister. She too had dressed for

the evening in a long, black gown, devoid of ornament but graceful in its simplicity. Draped in its long, wide folds, she looked like a beautiful statue, with distant-gazing eyes and a drooping mouth whose lines were capable, despite their sadness, of curving into a singularly sweet smile. Filomena's life was absolutely inert, and the health to which the ivory whiteness of her skin testified would have puzzled a northern theorist on hygiene. Filomena rarely worked, though her fingers were able to execute the most beautiful of the designs she had brought from her convent school; she never read, except to fulfil a daily obligation of piety, and never played, though her skill on the harp had been her mother's pride, and the sweetness of her voice a proverb. Filomena was, according to the standard of her class, a highly educated woman, and the daily office she had vowed to Our Lady was as plain to her in the Latin in which she repeated it as it would have been in her own language. To a foreigner her life would have seemed even stranger than that of her sister. To rise at six o'clock and go to the church, where she heard her brother's Mass and remained long after he had left the altar, absorbed in devotion; to return in the mid-morning and sit until dinner-time in her own room in a deshabille as marked as her sister's, sometimes receiving a visit from Marianna to canvass some domestic detail, but oftener quite alone, as she was– to all appearance unoccupied; to go back to her room again when the shutters had been closed and barred against the afternoon heat, and then to lie and sleep or weep until the Ave Maria; then to rise and kneel

in meditation until the time came to pace slowly down the narrow, walled lanes where the twilight was deepening, to the church for Benediction, Teresella accompanying her to carry her rosary and fan and to settle her in her chair with them as if she had been a child, and to kneel by her side in unwearying attendance until Filomena cared to walk slowly home again: such, in addition to the evening causerie, was the daily life of Marianna's youngest and favourite sister.

For there had been other members of the little family—a sister who had died, a brother who had married and migrated to North Italy, where his wife's "dot" was invested in a factory near Milan; and there was yet another brother, the pivot round whom Filomena's life had revolved and to which it was still firmly attached by memory. He had gone to sea, preferring a longer service to his country as a sailor to the enforced time of military life that must have been his alternative; and after having served his time had invested his little patrimony in a merchant steamer of which he became captain as well as part owner. Two or three successful voyages had ended in his native bay, and brought him back to the family circle that for the time regulated its calendar by his departure and arrival. Then once more he had sailed, this time with more definite intentions and a more exact engagement for his return—had steamed away past Capri southward into the open sea and had not come back again.

How long ago was it? Marianna could tell you exactly, calculating by the Flower Festival at Torre, the one inappropriate occasion on which

she went abroad. Giuseppe had escorted her from church to church throughout the blazing afternoon, dragging her laboriously and with unfailing good humour up crowded wooden steps on to the temporary platforms, erected that sightseers may look down upon the carpets of flowers that the "Santissimo" must be the first to pass over on the morrow. One of the subjects that year had been Jonah tossed overboard from a high-peaked galley towards an heraldic-looking monster of the deep, and Filomena, who followed with Don Saverio, had shuddered at the omen, for Peppino was to sail next day. Saverio had laughed and told her of the ship of Peter at San Antonio, and they had ended with that picture and feasted their eyes on the sea of lupin petals that was no darker nor intenser in its blue than the water under the rocks at Sorrento, and wondered at the amber folds of the Fisher's robe over its saffron tunic, and admired the Raffaelesque vigour of the drawing. To three of the party the group appealed as an artistic satisfaction, but to Filomena as an allegory that comforted her.

That was seven years ago, and now the festival had come and passed again ; and Marianna in the company of friends had enjoyed the heat, the crowd, the shows, the stalls, the temporary gardens and still more ephemeral fountains that watered them, but most of all the street illumination and the fireworks terminating all. The somniferous heat of midsummer was over, and September was waning to the sound of a two days' "limbeccio" —the gusty wind that drives a rough sea before it crosswise into the bay. It was time to return

to Naples, but the Cortelli family had remained longer this year than usual, partly because the summer had lingered later, partly because it was long since Filomena had seemed so reluctant to quit the villina. She always returned unwillingly to Naples, for it seemed to her that in doing so she left the rendezvous where alone she could meet Peppino, though his remembrance was as clear to her—one might almost say his presence as real—as when in the golden April sunrise she had watched his heavy-laden steamer slide slowly out of sight beyond the peak of Ana-Capri.

So she had watched and waited for seven years, but this season there was an intensification of the watching, which, as the weeks of the summer rolled on, had impressed her brother and sister strangely. They had grown accustomed to Filomena's mode of life, though the change on Peppino's last departure had surprised and annoyed them in its earlier phase. Such an absolute renunciation of old habits, such a complete adoption of the life of that object of half-reverence, half-patronage, a "monaca di casa," had made them angry for a time. The resolution to enter a convent, though it would have grieved their love—and Neapolitan grief takes on the external form of rage—would have been comprehensible; this form of piety was common, low, the refuge of the very poor who cannot pay a convent "dot" or cannot be spared from housework, and yet have a vocation towards religion. It was undignified, derogatory. But now vexation had passed; Saverio and Marianna were reconciled to the position and had looked for no new development. What was its meaning? Urged by his

sister, the priest at last put their wonder into words. Why would not Filomena consent to return home? What was the fancy, inconvenient, provoking, he would even venture to say selfish, that prompted her refusal? And Filomena answered, as if no thought of causing trouble had even struck her in connection with the delay—

"There will be a message from him; let me wait for it—it will not be long."

"What sort of message?" Marianna asked, quickly and volubly, her sentence many phrases long; and Filomena answered—

"I can't say whether it is himself coming or only a message; but I shall hear. Have patience, my sister—the sea will tell us soon."

"She is become a dreamer, a visionary!" Marianna screamed; but Marianna screamed where a Frenchwoman would only have thrown up her hands.

"Pazienza," was her brother's inevitable reply, as he turned his short-sighted eyes once more upon the little book that he had not laid down, even for this formal remonstrance.

And the days had passed on again till this evening early in October, when the diminished coterie were sitting in the full glare of the unshaded lamp talking, with an energy equal to their subject, of radical delinquencies and clerical hopes—robbery and sacrilege being the tamest substantives employed, and the southern hatred of northern policy the keynote of the whole.

Suddenly a dull, rumbling sound arose, that for some seconds created little interest in the circle, but gradually, as it seemed to increase,

induced a pause which more than one anxious voice broke with the single word "terremoto," in accents subdued from their former pitch.

The room shook, the floor heaved perceptibly, and then there was a painful moment of suspense, and—marvel of all—silence. Next came a quicker, more sudden, heave, a crisper, sharper rumbling, while all breathed again.

"The replica," they said one to another, with relief; and by and by, after lingering for a while round the incident, the political conversation was resumed. When the last guest rose to go, Don Saverio offered to accompany him. It was Signor Felice Castellano, a vine-grower of the neighbourhood, whose villa was more quickly reached by passing through the garden and leaving it by a door at right angles to the shore. Don Saverio carried the key. There was a moon, and by its light they passed down the tufa-floored alley towards the gate.

"Eh! what is this?" suddenly exclaimed the priest; "a breach in the wall facing the shore! One would have called it impossible, supported as it is by the shelf of lava that hardened there in my father's day. It was he, my friend, who extended the garden to the limit of the landslip where the lava-bed begins. It had consolidated into the hardness you know so well, as its edge touched the sea, and no cleverer embankment could have been contrived by the best of our country's great engineers; the wall is buttressed against it."

"Listen!" said Felice; "that is the sea, whose sound I have never before heard from this point."

He ran down to the wall.

"But where is the shelf?" he cried. "A second landslip! and this time it is the lava that has vanished."

Don Saverio hurried up. It was true. Leaning over the wall from which the coping had been shaken down for the length of several feet, he looked down, not as formerly on to a terrace, but into a shallow depth of water that lapped sadly against the foot of the garden wall.

"It is the earthquake!" he exclaimed; "the shelf of lava has slipped away in its turn; we are exposed to the elements."

"And the wall must be repaired," said his friend.

Don Saverio wrung his hands.

"The expense! the expense!" he cried, shrilly, and would take no comfort. Presently he was roused to produce the key, and Felice, turning from the sea-front down a narrow path, passed out of the garden into the lane on which his own domain abutted.

Saverio lingered long by the broken wall.

"The weather will break now," he said to himself, "and winter will be upon us. We must return to Naples. But not until the wall is restored; too well I know my countrymen for that. Ah! if they would confess their sins of deceit and insincerity, what heavy penances we confessors should have to impose! But for that they are too crafty—let us rather say unconscious; they feel it no sin to overreach their neighbours. I must watch the work myself, every stone that is laid." And he returned to tell the bad news to his sister.

An indolent man roused to action is often an

impatient one, and Don Saverio was not at all consoled by the proof of his weather-wisdom when the following morning the "limbeccio" swept again into the bay and rendered any immediate chance of repairing the damage hopeless. Marianna rolled her heavy person, under cover of a trellised alley, down to the scene of the disaster, and gave practical consolation.

"The wall is on a strong foundation and the sea scarcely touches its lowest course; we have nothing to fear for it," she said, "except another earthquake. There is two metres of masonry standing in the breach itself, and three along the rest of its length."

"The wind is rising," moaned the priest, as the wide flaps of his beaver hat were lifted by a stormy gust, and the foam of a breaking wave splashed up. Marianna retreated, observing all might yet be well, only that the lemon-trees at the lower end of the garden would suffer from the spray.

"In three days we shall have sunshine again and the beautiful Campanian autumn," she added, for she saw how low-spirited her brother had grown under his misfortune. "We shall be able to remain safely till you have seen all put in order again, and with the approach of the Day of All Souls' Filomena will not want to linger later away from home."

"Poor Filomena!" Don Saverio said, with a sigh. "Did she not say the sea was bringing her news? See what misfortune it has brought us all! The breach in the wall is the least of our expenses; we shall have to build a breakwater to replace our old breastwork."

Passing travellers hardly realize what a storm can be in the Bay of Naples unless they have stayed out the full course of the south-eastern blast in the city. The sea gets up quickly, and after a few hours breaks upon the wall that has replaced the shelving shore of the Riviera di Chiaja in furious spray twenty feet or more in height, that is blown inland in a driving shower to three times that measurement in length. To watch a breaking wave roll along the curving esplanade in a lofty arch of foam is a sight finer than Brighton can show in a strong Channel gale, but one that Neapolitans would go far to avoid, especially as the display is often attended by great cold. Marianna shivered in her kitchen at Torre, as she watched her saucepans, each over its own hole filled with glowing charcoal, in the earthenware stove that was an exact reproduction of those used by Pompeian housewives eighteen hundred years ago.

But Filomena seemed changed. Her eyes were bright and her step elastic as she crossed the chilly entrance hall, and later Marianna found her sitting at her window wrapped in a shawl, watching the heaving billows, with their crests of foam, as they rolled in towards the shore, to fling themselves impetuously upon it. Opposite to the villina they broke upon the garden wall and deluged the walks between the lemon-trees with showers of spray, for the spit of land on which it was laid out, hitherto protected by its breastwork of lava, was now an unprotected cape projecting beyond the neighbouring pleasure-grounds.

"The sea is rising," Marianna cried, shudder-

ing. "Come to dinner, Filomena; the sala—thank Heaven!- is on the other side of the house, and we can think of something else beside this cruel storm."

"Is it only three o'clock?" asked her sister. "It is already half dusk, and the sun is still only in the Scorpion. One is not prepared for dark days yet."

"One is not, indeed. Domeniddio! what a blast! The whole house shakes. Come away from that terrible sea, Filomena; Saverio waits. O that we were safely back in the Via Teresa degli Spagnuoli! It is too much!"

Down in the sala the noise of the breaking waves was lost and that of the wind lessened. Don Saverio said grace, and Marianna ladled out the minestrone. Teresella waited with slipshod zeal, and the darkness came on with disquieting suddenness. It was at the end of dinner, when Marianna had distributed the green figs steeped in wine and each folded in its separate leaf that formed the dessert, when the dull echo of some heavy sound that might have been the report of a heavy gun or the result of a fall of masonry penetrated to the room where they were sitting. Marianna exclaimed loudly and crossed herself, Saverio murmured a pious deprecation of harm, and Filomena, lifting her head, glanced for a moment with a look half frightened, half triumphant, at each in turn.

A complete silence followed, and it seemed as if the wind itself had abated. Then followed a volume of query and supposition, Marianna urging her brother to go and see what had happened, he deprecating the trouble, as he was always

ready to do, but never more so than after the one satisfying meal the day brought him. An argument that would have sounded like strife to foreign ears succeeded, and was finally closed by the priest suggesting that Teresella should be called for and sent to report.

"It is the sea," Filomena observed, as the woman entered in response to the little table-gong.

Teresella's report, however, was vague. She was about to begin her own dinner, and, after a perfunctory glance through an east window, she only said, as she placed a lamp on the dining-table as if to crown her statement, that one could see nothing in the twilight—not further than the terrace, on to which truly no Christian could step in such a storm. Nothing had happened to the house. The pergola, trellis and path alike, was drenched, but that was, doubtless, with rain or the flying spray that swept over the garden and had even whitened the terrace with salt. Nothing but her dinner could have made Teresella so indifferent or her tongue so moderate, but when she had closed the shutter she left tranquillity behind her in an atmosphere already scented by the smoke of Don Saverio's first cigarette.

The libeccio blew itself out that night, and the morning broke brilliant and calm, except for the heaving of the sea, that subsided far more slowly than the gale. Filomena dressed by candle-light and joined her sister, who had perforce done the same, on her way to Mass. Marianna left the church immediately on its conclusion, the priest,

who remained to make his thanksgiving, followed her at an interval of half an hour, while Teresella, who had come in to hear a later Mass, followed with Filomena later still.

Thus it happened that Marianna, preparing the coffee in the kitchen, that opened, as the salon did, upon the terrace, was the first, as she extinguished her lamp and threw back the wooden shutter, to see a sight that was to become a theme of lengthy discussion in the neighbourhood. The garden was wrecked—no other word could express the desolation that met her eyes. At the upper end, where the latticed alleys ran nearly up to the terrace-edge, the trellises were still standing, their uprights no longer perpendicular, the lemon boughs and vine stems that they supported white with crystallizing spray; but half way down, towards the sea-wall, itself only a rough line of foundations, they had been swept away altogether, or lay in crossed and tangled fragments in a slough of glistening mud. In the midst of them, left by the overwhelming wave in its retreat, as if it still floated on the sea it would never ride again, was an open boat, with yawning sides, broken thwarts, and its bottom planks so cruelly ripped that the stump of an orange-tree, on which it had settled, stood upright in the waist, where it served as a peg to hold in position the shattered frame. The boat had been lifted in broadside on, and as she rested at a slight angle to the house, her name, painted in fanciful letters below the gunwale, was plainly visible—the *San Giuseppe of Portici*.

Marianna was for once paralyzed into silence. She flung up her hands and eyes, then sank

down heavily on a rush-bottomed chair unequal to her weight, and subsided slowly to the floor. The position restored her to thought, and by the time she had regained her feet she was able to prepare herself to meet her brother. With a calmness that was not without a touch of heroism she went about the lower floor, opening windows, laying down strips of matting, and shaking table-covers; then, having given another look at her coffee and goats' milk on the stove, she went down to the front gate to meet Saverio.

When Filomena returned the morning sun was shining brightly through the entrance hall. She stood for a moment at the top of the steps, looking along it and out at the open terrace door opposite. For a moment the wreck of the garden touched her, but the next, every sensation was merged in one of amazement, for beyond the confusion of broken poles and tangled vines she saw Saverio and Marianna standing side by side, she with eager gestures talking and exclaiming, he hanging over the stern locker of a ship's boat, drawing out from its furthest recess something that seemed to her like a roll of canvas.

She advanced to the terrace door, while Teresella bustled past her to set out the morning coffee, and stood there long as if in a dream, watching the figures as they gesticulated, bent over the contents of the waterproof package which they were examining together. At last Saverio turned towards the house, and, looking up, saw the graceful figure and the pale, sweet face shaded by the lace veil which the morning breeze stirred softly above the crisp tendrils of

brown hair. He signed eagerly to Filomena, who slowly made her unaccustomed way towards the pair, till she stood in her turn by the boat. Saverio pointed silently to the name, and then, handing her a book bound roughly in leather, he drew Marianna's hand within his arm and led her away up the garden again through the tangled *débris* of the trellises.

Filomena sank on her knees by the *San Giuseppe's* gig.

The little book contained a rough diary of Peppino's life during the years he had been separated from his family. Kept, notwithstanding his aversion from literary effort, at Filomena's urgent request, it told nothing of the seaman's thoughts and but little of his doings. It was not much more than a log recording dates and latitudes, and so affording a bald record of his voyages. Now and again an account was copied or a bank deposit noted, giving an idea of the value of his coasting trips along the South American seaboard to the owners of the *San Giuseppe*. But nothing was formal, and such mercantile indications as the journal provided, though not useless, had to be laboriously worked out later on by Peppino's remaining partner.

It was the last entry of all, to which she turned at once as by instinct, that supplied Filomena's message. The latitude and longitude headed a newly turned page, written in a larger and blacker hand than that of her brother, and signed by initials that meant nothing to her. Below, Peppino's trembling hand had added, in his cramped Italian characters that trailed, from

weakness, over long spaces of the lines they only partially kept: "In the faith of Holy Church. Heart of Jesus to thee, my soul! Mary, Joseph, help!" The words may have been written with a last, long effort, or were perhaps laboriously penned at intervals during the day the second Sunday after Easter, as the date showed. They were followed by a postscript in the former hand: "Died the same night, April 30th. On the voyage home. Buried at sea." The initials again followed, this time with the addition of the writer's rating—ship's steward. Filomena's long waiting was over.

Nothing later than the news of her last sailing was ever learned of the *San Giuseppe* of Portici, lost at sea with all hands so near home, as was conjectured, as the rocks of Procida. The simplest explanation was that she had foundered at the entrance of the bay, that one boat at least — the gig—had been safely floated, and that it contained some seaman whose loyalty to his captain had reminded him to save, and in the last extremity to stow securely, the relic Peppino had been known to wish sent home. But the tale possessed elements of uncertainty sufficient to supply conjectures that long outlasted the residence of the Cortelli at Torre, which, indeed, concluded with the month that had witnessed the great storm. Filomena was as ready as either her brother or sister could be to return to Naples, now that Torre was no longer her place of rendezvous; and Saverio was now only desirous of selling the property that would cost so much to restore.

The villina was sold before the time of the

next villeggiatura, which Saverio and Marianna henceforth made at Portici, where Filomena, with the consent of both, entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

There was hardly room to doubt her vocation for a religious life, though the question had never been openly canvassed before, nor room for surprise when Filomena, with a tranquil firmness of speech, expressed her wish to leave the world, in which duty to the living had detained her, for the cloister, where duty to the dead could be more perfectly fulfilled. So she put her case; and it was singular that, in the result, what looked like separation, in reality drew all three more closely together, and that her retreat from the world should be to Filomena the signal for a life of labour.

But so it was. The work of the Convent is education, and Filomena's talents fitted her for an important share in it, while her beautiful voice, raised in prayer or supplication, lent a new character to the convent choir. Praise, indeed, had become the keynote of her life, and gave a singular vitality to her teaching, which her graceful presence had from the first rendered attractive to her enthusiastically admiring pupils. Mother Maria della Mercede seemed to the imaginative among them to be a direct messenger of the Madonna, and even dull or unwilling learners would go to her class with the brightness of relief in their faces from some more mechanical task.

Marianna's pride in her sister grew yearly stronger; she was now more truly her child than when, in the days of her withdrawal from the

home circle, she had put aside the petting and indulgence Marianna yearned to give, with what had looked like coldness. Saverio's love for Filomena, whom he, perhaps, alone of his family had understood throughout the years of suspense, took on a tinge of reverence. He never failed to commend his intentions to her prayers, and would sometimes promise to obtain them for his penitents, as the prayers of one to whom Our Lady readily listened.

PETER DUFFY'S CATECHISM.

By Magdalen Rock.

"Twelve pounds a half-year, Master Cecil!" old Mrs. Connolly exclaimed. "Why, twelve pounds would be far too much!"

Cecil Ashleigh laughed pleasantly.

"Nonsense, Betty! Peter's worth it all to me. And, see, you shall have his wages beforehand."

The young man took out his pocket-book and counted out twelve sovereigns. He was thinking as he did so that he would try and induce his uncle, Mr. O'Connor of Castle Connor, to put Betty's cabin into some sort of decent order. There were two or three openings in the thatch overhead, through which the pale blue of the autumn sky was seen.

"There's no work to be had about Aughmullan during the winter, I know," Cecil continued, as Betty did not speak; "and Peter's sister—Peggy's her name, isn't it?—will be company enough for you, Betty."

"Oh yes, sir; company enough," Betty replied, absently.

"All right."

Cecil pushed the little heap of gold across

the table to the old woman—one of a type common in Ireland. Though her face was lined and wrinkled, and of the hue of parchment, her eyes had all the brightness of youth, and her dark hair was but slightly touched with grey. It was a saying in Aughmullan that Betty Connolly's heart could not be broken. She had married when young, and had lived to see her husband and children consigned to the tomb. Matthew Connolly had been anything but a good husband and father. He had the seeds of consumption in his frame, and the love of drink that often accompanies that disease; and when he was drunk it was, as poor Betty often thought, "hard to tell what he'd be up to."

A cold, caught while poaching one night, developed the inherited disease, and after two or three years of alternate hoping and fearing, Matthew died, leaving six children entirely unprovided for. He had sold the few acres of land belonging to him months before, and how Betty managed to feed and clothe her boys and girls, God only knows! Of the six, however, one only escaped her father's fate. Kate Connolly married a sailor, whose ship went down with all on board. The widow only lived long enough to confide her children—Peter and Peggy—to their grandmother's care.

"Have you not an old stocking—Irish people always keep their money in an old stocking—to hold the sovereigns, Betty?" Cecil asked.

"I have never had a sovereign past me in my life, Master Cecil," Betty answered in her sharp, shrill voice, that had withal a curious note of patience in it.

She sat still, looking at the coins and thinking of all the uses she could find for them. Peggy would have a good flannel petticoat and serge frock; and a new pair of blankets would be comfortable, not to speak of a plentiful supply of fuel. Peggy, the creature, was starved gathering sticks. Best of all, she would be able to have a couple or three Masses said for Matthew and "the childer" at Hallow Day; and the arrears of rent she owed for her miserable shelter could be cleared up. She stretched out her hand to take the money, but drew it back almost instantly.

"What's the matter, Betty? Is it the rheumatism again?" Cecil inquired.

"No, no, sir! The rheumatism, thank God! keeps to my knee. But, Master Cecil, maybe there are no priests where you're living, and how would Peter do about getting Mass?"

"Oh!" Cecil Ashleigh whistled softly. Certainly there were no priests within a good ten miles of Ashleigh Court, or of the village that bore the same name.

"I'll see to that," he said, after some consideration—"I'll see to that. There's a Catholic church at Barfield, I know. It is fourteen miles from the Court, but Peter can drive there on Sundays."

Still Betty did not touch the money.

"I'd like to take the money; it would help us through the winter; and I'd like to oblige you, Master Cecil. Sure ever since you first came a bit of a lad to Castle Connor you have been good to me and mine. I don't forget the fancy poor Patsy had for you."

"Nor I," Cecil responded. Patsy Connolly had been his guide on many a hunting and

fishing expedition. Betty's youngest son had inherited his father's love of sport, and the young English lad fresh from Eton had been attracted to Patsy by the latter's intimate knowledge of the ways of fish and game. It was young Peter Duffy's resemblance to his uncle that had first attracted Cecil, but when Peter rescued him from imminent peril caused by the overturning of a boat on Lough Leag a couple of weeks before, he had determined to take the lad back to England with him.

"But, Master Cecil," Betty said, "it is this way. Peter never took to learning. He's smart enough in many ways, but not at books; and though he's fourteen, and big for his age, he has not been confirmed."

"Yes?" Cecil said, inquiringly.

"And the Bishop will be round this part next summer."

"I'll send Peter over any time you like."

"Oh, but he'd never have a word of his catechism at all, at all! Sure, Father Mullan's doing his best for him, and he can't get the questions into him."

"Look here, Betty, I'll teach Peter, if that satisfies you."

"You will, sir?" incredulously.

"Yes."

"God bless and reward you; and He will!"

Cecil turned away to escape Betty's thanks. Peter Duffy, a well-grown, soft-featured lad, stood holding his horse by the door. He was stroking the animal's glossy neck with a caressing touch that told of his love for dumb creatures. Cecil saw it, and thought that Peter's life among the

stables and kennels of Ashleigh Court would be a happy one.

"Your grandmother consents to allow you to come with me to England, Peter," Cecil said.

Peter's look of mingled delight and incredulity brought a smile to the Englishman's face.

"On certain conditions, I mean. Now, Peter, be ready to come with me to Lisbeg to-morrow morning. I must get you a suitable outfit."

Three or four days later Peter bade adieu to his grandmother and Peggy. His joy in accompanying "Master Cecil" was a good deal diminished by his sorrow in parting with his relatives. Betty, by the aid of a stick and crutch, had dragged herself to her cottage door to see, as she phrased it, the last of him.

"You'll mind your catechism, Peter!" she cried, as Peter, red-eyed and woebegone, clambered into the dog-cart. "You'll see to that, Master Cecil?"

Cecil laid his hand on the breast pocket of his coat where the new green-backed catechism reposed.

"You may trust me for that, Betty. Now, good-bye, good-bye, and take good care of yourself. Peter will be all right at Ashleigh Court."

So Peter thought, when the first few weeks of his life had passed over in his new abode. His unfailing good-nature and unintentionally funny speeches made him a favourite among his fellow-servants, while his attachment to her nephew recommended him to the notice of the gentle

old lady who presided over Cecil's home. She volunteered to give Peter a religious lesson two or three times a week, when she heard of her nephew's promise to the lad's grandmother.

"It can't do me any harm," she said, "and I suppose," doubtfully, "it will do Peter good. Is the doctrine very heretical, Cecil?"

Cecil laughed pleasantly.

"That I can't say, Aunt Dora; but it certainly produces good results. The peasantry round Castle Connor are exceptionally honest and pious."

"Really!" Miss Ashleigh's education had made her doubtful of everything Catholic.

"Yes, indeed. It is very good of you, Aunt Dora, to take the instruction of Peter upon yourself. However, you must hand him back to me when you weary of the business. Shall I send him to you for his first lesson this evening?"

Miss Ashleigh agreed, and arranged an hour.

Peter was not a very promising pupil, and Miss Ashleigh, perhaps, had not the knack of communicating knowledge, so that the first chapters of the Maynooth Catechism kept the pair fully occupied for a few weeks. As she determined at first to use the book only on Peter's behalf, she never read a line in it except the portion she marked out for each day's task, and she found nothing, she assured Cecil, very outrageous so far.

It was in the second month that Miss Ashleigh gave up her task. She had been preoccupied and grave for a few days Cecil noticed, and he asked the reason. Miss Ashleigh tried to laugh.

"I'm getting old, Cecil, and I think Peter's too much for me."

"Of course he is! I should have known that," Cecil said, remorsefully. "Well, I'll take the youngster in hand myself. No doubt you have been too gentle with him."

So the scene of Peter's instruction was transferred from Miss Ashleigh's boudoir to Cecil's gun-room. In the days of his youth Cecil had received some religious training, but much of it had been only acquired for a particular time or important occasion, and was quickly forgotten. Miss Ashleigh had dragged her pupil to the chapter on the true Church, and almost the first thing Peter was repeating to Cecil in his shrill boyish treble was: "As there is but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all there can be but one true Church" (Eph. iv.).

Cecil read the words over again.

"I wonder how Hill"—Hill was the rector of Ashleigh—"would explain that. I suppose he would say the Church of England was the one true Church."

"Are all obliged to belong to the true Church?" he asked Peter, and the lad promptly replied—

"All are obliged to belong to the true Church, and no one can be saved out of it" (Acts ii.; Luke x.; John x.; Matt. xviii.).

Cecil read through the chapter before he again questioned Peter. Then he set to his task of teaching, and accomplished a fair share of work. When Peter was dismissed, his master retained the Catechism.

"I'll look up those chapters," he said to himself,

"and then I'll see what Hill says. I must borrow Aunt Dora's Bible though."

Miss Ashleigh was not in her boudoir when Cecil entered that room. Her Bible, however, lay on a table by the fire. It did not strike Cecil as odd that the book was marked in three or four instances at the pages he required.

There was a puzzled look on his usually bright, good-natured face as he took his way through the Park to the Rectory. The lines of the Rev. Mr. Hill had fallen in pleasant places. Ashleigh living was a fat one; he had a hard-working, unassuming curate and a charming wife. The country houses were open to him. The wave of Anglicanism had not reached Ashleigh. People were content to worship as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them. If Mr. Hill preached once a week, visited the farmhouses occasionally, and distributed beef and blankets at regular intervals, his duty was done. He was not much older than Cecil in reality, though the latter looked a boy by comparison.

"Hallo, Cecil!" the clergyman cried, as Cecil entered the room he had his baby daughter on his knee and was regaling her with seed-cake, despite Mrs. Hill's remonstrances "come and have a cup of tea."

Cecil consented, and when Mrs. Hill, the baby, and the tea had disappeared, he put Peter's somewhat soiled Catechism into the clergyman's hands.

"Look at that chapter chapter ten –and the succeeding one. The doctrine is simple and sound not at all like what I expected to find."

It was the first time in Mr. Hill's career as

rector that any one had troubled him on theological or controversial matters. At any rate it seemed to Cecil's clear and straightforward judgment that his vicar was just as much puzzled as he himself.

"And you are teaching the young fellow this" —Mr. Hill hesitated—"this Jesuitical nonsense?"

"It is nothing of the sort," Cecil replied, hotly.

"Oh, well—— Do you know, Cecil, you should give up your state of single blessedness. Miss Ashleigh is anxious for your marriage."

Cecil laughed. It was a strange turn to give to their discussion.

"You're too Utopian, too erratic," the Vicar continued. "There's nothing makes a man take such a sensible view of things as matrimony. Why, you must be thirty-two, Cecil."

"A few months more," Cecil said, carelessly, rising and picking up Peter's Catechism.

"Would you not send the lad to our Sunday-school class?" Mr. Hill asked.

Cecil thought of Betty.

"No, no; there shall be no interference with Peter's religion. It seems not a bad one for living and dying by."

Cecil spent many of the succeeding days with Peter's Catechism in his hands. Under his tuition his pupil made wonderful progress, and Cecil found that he had a fairly good understanding of the essential points of his faith even if his memory for words at times failed him.

On the next Sunday he determined to accompany Peter to Mass. He had in the meantime

visited Mr. Hill's curate, and had only succeeded in perplexing him with his inquiries.

It so happened that a Mission was opened on that particular Sunday in Barfield; and Cecil was much impressed with the devotion and earnestness of those who assisted at Mass. The sermon, too, was deeply impressive and thoroughly instructive. Cecil had half an hour's talk with the priest of the parish afterwards. The result was he attended the sermons and exercises of the Mission, and was received into the Church at its conclusion.

There was much astonishment in the neighbourhood when it became known that Cecil Ashleigh was a Catholic; but Miss Ashleigh's conversion excited even more surprise. She readily admitted that she found doubts rising in her mind while instructing Peter, but that she had tried to stifle them, and would in all probability have remained a Protestant but for her nephew's example.

Peter paid a visit to Aughmullan while the Bishop was making the visitation of that part of his diocese in the following summer, and old Betty insisted on being conveyed to the parish church to see her grandson confirmed. Three months later, and while Cecil Ashleigh was on his annual visit to Castle Connor, she died happy and contented.

"Sure God has been very good to me!" she said the day before her death. "Master Cecil will look after Peter; and Peggy is to go to Miss Ashleigh. It is well taken care of they'll be both body and soul. And, listen—Master Cecil told me to-day when he was in that he's

going to be a priest. Oh, glory be to God! isn't it wonderful! And the minister, the curate he called him, of his place is a Catholic too. And Master Cecil says 'tis all owing, under God, to Peter's Catechism!"

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN JAPAN.

BY THE REV. DR. CASARTELLI.

I.—The Ancient Church of Japan.

THE war of 1894–5 between the two nations of the extreme East, the collapse of the Chinese Goliath and the unvarying success of the Japanese David, have excited a widespread and intense interest in all that relates to Japan and the Japanese.

But the Japanese have an attractiveness all their own, and quite independent of any temporary political circumstances. The race is an intensely interesting one in itself. This has been well expressed not long ago by a competent observer. M. Ribaud, a Catholic missionary of Hakodate, writes thus in the *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons for February 22, 1895:—

The beauty of this province of Miyagi which we are now traversing is suggestive of thought. We seem to have before us some beautiful scene in Greece. Greece? Yes, for Japan is not a little like to Greece. Has not Japan landscapes as lovely as those of Athens, Corinth, or Ionia? Does the pellucid atmosphere of Miyagi or Iwate yield in delicacy to that of Attica? And if the physical features and climate of Japan are like to those of Greece in so many ways, are they not likely to impress upon the Japanese character some traits of the Hellenic type? The vivacity of wit, the facility and abundance of speech, which have rendered the Athenian name famous, are to be found to a striking degree among the Japanese. The *τι καινόν*; which paints so well the insatiable curiosity of the Greek, is at every instant on the lips of

the Japanese.[1] What shall I say of the passion for independence, fostered in Greece by the very nature of the soil? It is found, for the same reason, in Japan, carried to its highest pitch, and with it the love of country. If we peruse the annals, without pushing our researches into ancient times—that nebulous period wherein we see the Empress Jingo marching to the conquest of Corea—nor even to the sanguinary struggles of the fourteenth century, in which the celebrated Ieyasu, breaking through all obstacles with his puissant hand, succeeded in snatching the sceptre from the Mikado—but simply glancing at the recent revolutions which have restored to the Emperor the authority of which he had been despoiled, how many traits of valour, energy, and ardent patriotism do we not discover which need not pale side by side with the noblest deeds of patriotism of the heroes of Thermopylæ and Mantinea!

But the history, present condition, and prospects of Christianity in Japan is a subject which scarcely needs these considerations to render it one of surpassing interest. The contact between a race so highly endowed by nature as that of the Japanese, and the powerful leaven of Christianity, must of necessity produce reactions and results destined to be little less momentous than similar contacts in the past between Christianity and, let us say, the Keltic and Anglo-Saxon races. To the student of philosophy, as well as to the historian, it must be interesting in the highest degree to watch such processes of spiritual chemistry.

The ancient island-empire of Nippon was first made known to the Western world under the name of "Cipangu" in 1295 by Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveller, and from that time forward appeared on maps, its discovery being among the objects which Columbus set before him in his memorable voyages to the West. The first Europeans to reach the archipelago, however, were three Portuguese fugitives, who were driven upon the southern islands in 1542—the very same year, by the way, in which St. Francis Xavier landed at Goa. But much more important events were the two visits of Mendez Pinto in 1545 and 1547, of

[1] "The Japanese are very curious by nature," wrote St. Francis Xavier in 1551, "and as desirous of learning as ever any people were. . . . They desire very much to hear novelties, especially about religion" (Letter lxxxiv., Coleridge, vol. ii. p. 300).

which he himself has left a detailed account, published in English by Mr. H. Cogan in 1891. In the second of these visits Pinto received on board a Japanese fugitive named Anjiro (or Han Siro) and his servant. Taken to Malacca, the two Japanese there made the acquaintance of St. Francis Xavier, who was intensely interested in the two fugitives and in what they had to tell him of their country. He took them with him to Goa, where both were instructed and became Christians, Anjiro being baptized under the name of Paul of the Holy Faith.

Those acquainted with the life of the Apostle of the Indies, and more especially readers of Father Coleridge's admirable *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*, will scarce need reminding how deep an impression was made on the saint's mind by what he heard from these Japanese converts and how Japan became to him truly a land of predilection. From the moment of his meeting with Anjiro, the idea of a missionary expedition to Japan took hold of his soul.

It was not until 1549 that Francis was able to undertake his great task the evangelization of the Island-Empire. On April 25th he embarked at Cochin for Malacca, whence, on the Nativity of St. John Baptist, he sailed for Japan "on board the ship of a heathen merchant, a Chinaman." The voyage lasted seven weeks, and a most interesting account of it is given by Francis himself in his first letter from the place of his arrival. He had with him the two Japanese, Anjiro (otherwise "Paul of the Holy Faith") and the latter's servant, Father Cosmo de Torres, and a lay brother, João Fernandez.

So by the guidance of God (he writes) we came at last to this country, which we had so much longed for, on the very day of the Feast of Our Blessed Lady's Assumption, 1549. We could not make another port, and so we put into Cagoxima, which is the native place of Paul of the Holy Faith. We were most kindly received there both by Paul's relation and connections and also by the rest of the people of the place.[1]

[1] Coleridge, vol. ii. p. 232.

The port of "Cagoxima"—*i.e.*, Kagoshima[1]—lies upon the deep inlet which indents the southern extremity of Kyushu, the southernmost island of the archipelago. It was at the time the capital of the principality of Satsuma. The first successes of the saint and his companions were truly gratifying. We have his own words for it. He writes:—

> The prince of this place was six leagues away from Cagoxima, and when Paul went to pay his respects to him he was very glad of his return and showed him much honour, asking him also a great many things about the manners, the power, and the resources of the Portuguese. When Paul told him all about them, he seemed to be very highly delighted with what he had heard. Paul had taken with him a very fine picture of Our Blessed Lady with the Child Jesus sitting in her lap, which we had brought from India. When the Prince saw the picture which Paul had brought he was quite struck with wonder; he at once fell on his knees and venerated it in the most pious manner, and ordered all who were present to do the same. After this his mother saw it and gazed upon it, and was filled with wonderful admiration and delight; and a few days after, when Paul had returned to Cagoxima, she sent a man—and a very good person he was—to see about getting a copy of it taken somehow or other. However, there were no means of doing the thing at Cagoxima, and so the matter went no further. The same lady sent us a request by the same hand that we would give her in writing the chief points of the Christian religion. So Paul devoted some days to this work, and wrote out in his own native language a great many things concerning Christian mysteries and laws. You may take my word for it, and also give God great thanks, that a very wide field is here opened to you for your well-roused piety to spend its energies in.

In this same very long letter, addressed to the Society at Goa, Francis, besides a very full account of the Japanese manners and customs, gives us his opinion of the Japanese people, of whom he speaks with something like enthusiasm. "The nation with which we have had to do here," he declares, "surpasses in goodness any of the nations lately discovered. I really think that among barbarous nations there can be none that has more natural goodness than the Japanese."

[1] We shall adopt in this paper the spelling of modern Orientalists for Japanese names and words. It must be remembered that the early Jesuit missioners spelled according to the Portuguese sounds. The Portuguese *x* is pronounced as *sh*.

St. Francis Xavier stayed little more than two years in Japan. He and his companions laboured successfully at Hirado, Hakata, Yamaguchi, Kyoto,[1] and Bungo, though with very varying success. The Prince of Satsuma himself became hostile, influenced by the jealousy of the Buddhist bonzes. At Yamaguchi the mean and forlorn appearance of Francis caused him to be driven out of the city with obloquy. Yet his two years' stay in Japan produced an indelible impression. The Church of Japan was securely founded, and from the sweat and tears of its first great Apostle there sprang that glorious harvest which was destined to ripen in an incredibly short space of time.

St. Francis Xavier left Japan in the November of 1551. His intention was to visit the vast empire of China, and then begin to sow the seeds of Christianity as he had done in Nippon. He had heard much about China whilst in the neighbouring kingdom, and had met Chinamen there. "The Chinese whom I have seen," he says, "are acute and eager to learn. Their intellect is superior even to the Japanese." And again, "China is that sort of kingdom that, if the seed of the gospel is once sown, it may be propagated far and wide."[2] But it was not merely the desire to carry the truth to China that moved Francis to this new expedition. He saw in it a means of reacting upon his beloved Japan. For, as he remarks in one of his letters, the Japanese used to especially urge against the Christian teaching "that if things were as we preached, how was it that the Chinese knew nothing about them?" This was only natural, since Japan had derived her civilization, her letters, her religion from China, and consequently "the Japanese have a very high idea of the wisdom of the Chinese, whether as to the mysteries of religion, or as to manners and civil institutions."[3] And, writing to his great superior, St. Ignatius, just after leaving Japan, he says

[1] Called by St. Francis "Myako"—*i.e.*, the Capital, for such it was in his time.

[2] Letter lxxxvi., Coleridge, p. 348.

[3] Letter lxxxiv., Coleridge, pp. 300, 301.

explicitly: "As soon as the Japanese learn that the Chinese have embraced the faith of Jesus Christ, there is reason to hope that the obstinacy with which they are attached to their own false sects will be lessened."[1] This same letter to St. Ignatius betrays the depth of the affection which attached Francis to this people, for he exclaims therein, "No words can express all that I owe to the Japanese." And how wonderful in the light of subsequent history is the prophecy contained in another part of this letter, where he writes: "As far as I know, the Japanese nation is the single and only nation of them all which seems likely to preserve unshaken and for ever the profession of Christian holiness if once it embrace it." These words will surely recur to our memory later on in reading of the event of March 17, 1865!

Every one knows that St. Francis Xavier was never destined to reach the shores of China, and that he died an outcast on the little island of San Chan, at the mouth of the Canton river, on December 2, 1552, like Moses in sight of the Promised Land.

The following half century marks an epoch of marvellous prosperity in the Japanese missions. Numerous Jesuit fathers and lay-brothers were sent over, as Francis had desired, to carry on the work so auspiciously begun. Within thirty years it is calculated that over 200,000 Japanese, including several bonzes, had been converted, and the princes of Omura, Bungo, and Arima were among these neophytes. Nagasaki was the chief focus of Christian life. By 1567 it was said that the population of that city was almost entirely Catholic. The virtual ruler of Japan at this time was Nobunaga, the celebrated Minister and commandant of the forces. This able Minister was distinctly favourable to the Christians during all his administration of nine years (1573-1582). All this time the Jesuit fathers had been pushing forward their apostolic work, and had met with marvellous success. In Kyoto and Yamaguchi, in Osaka and Sakai, as well as in Kyushu, they had founded flourishing churches,

[1] Letter lxxxviii., Coleridge, p. 373.

established colleges for the formation of a native clergy, opened hospitals and asylums, and extended their influence far and wide. The latter part of Nobunaga's supremacy was perhaps the era of their greatest prosperity. At this time Chamberlain estimates the number of Japanese Christians at not less than 600,000. Nobunaga's patronage of the Christians was largely inspired by political motives. His strong Government had made him hated by the Buddhist bonzes, whose overwhelming power he effectually held in check, and who looked upon him as a usurper, as he technically was. It was this disaffection of the bonzes that led him to support the Christian missionaries. They seem to have attributed his patronage to higher motives, and to have looked forward to his conversion. But though churches were built under his patronage at Kyoto and at Azuchi, on Lake Biwa, near his own beautiful residence, he never seems to have seriously intended to become a Christian. For some time after Nobunaga's death nothing occurred to interfere with the development of the Church; indeed, that date (1582) coincides with the mission of Father Valignani from Gregory XIII., now to be mentioned.

The fervour, zeal, and devotion of these new Christians were worthy of the early days of Christianity. The Holy See was very soon able to rejoice in the addition to the fold of legions of devoted children. Gregory XIII. deputed Father Alessandro Valignani, S.J., with gifts to the converted Japanese princes, and they in their turn in 1582 despatched a solemn embassy to Rome, consisting of two young princes and two counsellors, who were accompanied by Father Valignani and another Jesuit. This embassy was received with all state and splendour both by Gregory XIII., who died during their stay in Rome (1585), and by his successor, Sixtus V. But on their return to their native country the Japanese delegates found that troubles had already broken out.[1]

[1] This was not the only Japanese embassy to the Holy See at that time. At the Tenth International Congress of Orientalists, held at Geneva in September, 1894, the eminent Sinologue, Prof.

It was in 1587 that the first anti-Christian edict was issued by the celebrated Taiko-Sama, one of the greatest rulers Japan has ever known; and the years from that date till 1650 may be fairly designated the era of the persecutions, the special and abiding glory of the Japanese Church.

Before, however, we enter upon the history of these persecutions, the mention of Taiko-Sama's name calls for a brief explanation of the state of Japanese government at that time. In our ecclesiastical histories this first persecutor is always spoken of as "the Emperor Taicosama." The title is entirely erroneous. To explain how the early missionaries fell into this error, it will be necessary to refer to a much earlier period of Japanese history. The series of the Emperors (or "Mikados") of Japan goes back in an unbroken line from our own day to the founder of the dynasty, Jimmu, who appears to have reigned from 660 to 585 B.C. But at the close of the twelfth century of our era the all-powerful minister Yoritomo succeeded in establishing the curious system of government known as the *Shogunate*, which endured till so recent a date as 1868.[1] This system resembles nothing so much as that of the "mayors of the palace" under the later Merovingian kings. The "Shogun"[2] was commander-in-chief of the forces, and also vicegerent of the Empire. And though for long periods he was actually the *de facto* ruler, still during the whole eight centuries of the Shogunate this potentate always scrupulously observed the outward show of reverence for and absolute dependence upon the Emperor, whose humble servant he professed to be,

Valenziani, of Rome, read a paper on two passages of the *Nippon hyak' kets' den*, a kind of biographical encyclopædia, by which he established the fact that during the last years of the sixteenth century Gamau Udji-sato, daimyo of Aidzou, sent no less than four different embassies to the reigning Pontiff, with the purely political object of detaching him from the Spaniards, against whom the Japanese were contending in the Philippines. As the president of the section, Prof. Schlegel, remarked, these facts were entirely new and hitherto unknown to European scholars.

[2] The name was long known in Europe under the quasi-Chinese form "Tycoon."

and whose commission he always received for the performance of his duties. This curious form of government is described with fair accuracy in the memoir on Japan drawn up by Paul Anjiro, with the peculiarity that he styles the Emperor "Voo" and the Shogun "Goxo," words of which we have not seen an explanation anywhere.[1] Yet the early Jesuit missionaries seem to be quite oblivious of the existence of the Mikados, or Emperors, whose names never appear in the acts of the ancient Church of Japan.

The famous Taiko-Sama (literally "Lord Taiko") was in reality the Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief, and Vicegerent, known in Japanese history as Hideyoshi. He was not Emperor, and never obtained even the exalted title of Shogun, but was content with the lower one of "Kwambaku," though his power was none the less absolute. His predecessor in power, of whom we have spoken above, the scarcely less celebrated Nobunaga, like himself held the authority without enjoying the title of Shogun.

In 1585 Hideyoshi, after a brief period of confusion, became the virtual ruler of Japan. At first he does not seem to have been hostile to the Christians, but his sentiments gradually underwent a change. Various reasons have been assigned for his development into a persecutor. Prominent among these must have been the influence of the bonzes, who doubtless did their best to arouse his suspicions against the foreigners. He was, indeed, already inclined to look upon the Jesuits as secret envoys of the King of Portugal. But whatever dislike to Christianity had been growing up in his mind was fanned to a flame by the firmness and constancy of certain Christian maidens who refused to yield to his lustful passions, and preferred death to sin. The first step towards persecution was Taiko-Sama's edict of 1587. All "foreign religious teachers" were commanded to quit

[1] Perhaps "Voo" may be meant for the Japanese word "Wau," ruler or sovereign, and "Ten-wau," heavenly king, is actually a title of the Mikado. But "Gossiyo" (*lit.* exalted place) is also one of the titles of the Emperor himself.

Japan within twenty days under pain of death. The Jesuit fathers thereupon withdrew to Nagasaki, where it would appear they were allowed to devote themselves to the spiritual wants of the Europeans. Yet so far from these measures checking the growth of Christianity, not only did the Japanese converts remain staunch in their faith, but it is calculated that during the next few years over 60,000 more were added to the fold. Meanwhile new elements were introduced.

Much has been made by Protestant writers of the mutual jealousies of the Jesuits and the other Orders. A word must therefore be here said upon this subject.

It appears that in 1585 Pope Gregory XIII. issued a brief giving the Society of Jesus the exclusive charge of the Japanese missions, as indeed it had well merited by its extraordinary successes. The Spanish Government viewed with a jealous eye whatever secured the monopoly of the Portuguese in the country; and the governor of the Philippines soon after despatched an embassy to Hideyoshi seeking to obtain permission to trade at some of the Japanese ports, and with the embassy he sent four Franciscans, who were thus indirectly permitted to establish themselves in Kyoto and Nagasaki (1593). Taiko-Sama at first seemed favourably disposed to these Franciscans, and they soon took the opportunity of publicly preaching the gospel, which they did with great success. This activity, combined with the mischievous gossip of a Portuguese (or Spanish[1]) sea captain, seems to have roused Taiko-Sama to fury. The imprudent fellow boasted that the King of Spain had sent his own missionaries into Japan in order to pave the way to a future conquest of the islands. Nothing more was required to give the signal for a cruel persecution. The death-penalty was decreed against all the Christian preachers.

[1] The accounts are contradictory, as is also the chronology of these events. I have followed the valuable *Compendium Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ*, published at Pulo-Pinang (Straits Settlements), 1885, which differs considerably in the order of its narrative from Mr. D. Murray (*Japan*, in "The Story of the Nations" Series, London, Fisher Unwin, 1894), whose dates appear to me to be hopelessly confused.

The first fruits of the glorious Japanese army of martyrs were the twenty-six who were crucified at Nagasaki on February 5, 1597. They numbered six Franciscan fathers, including the Superior, Father Peter Baptist, fifteen Japanese tertiaries of the same Order, three Japanese Jesuits, and two servants. At the thrilling scene of this martyrdom, which has been too often told to allow of repetition here, was present the first bishop who had yet set foot on Japanese soil. This was Pedro Martinez, S.J., appointed Bishop of Japan by Sixtus V., whose singular privilege it was to transmit to Rome the acts of the Proto-martyrs, of which he himself had been an eye-witness.

It is only fair to remark here that some of the responsibility for the persecution appears to be due to the action of the converted Japanese princes, who, not content with embracing the Catholic faith, seem to have been only too ready to force it upon their subjects, and to pose as regular persecutors of Buddhism. Those were not days when "toleration" was understood in any country; but it would really appear that this untimely zeal of some of these princes reacted disastrously upon the pagan rulers.

Taiko-Sama, or Hideyoshi, died in 1598. After some years of civil war, the power passed into the hands of a man scarcely less able than himself, Ieyasu, in whom the office of Shogun (in abeyance since 1573) was restored, and who founded the Tokugawa Dynasty, or Shogunate. A period of comparative peace and prosperity for the Japanese Church now ensued. Bishop Luiz Serqueyra, S.J., was able greatly to console and confirm his flock, which he ruled peacefully till 1614. Ieyasu even received the bishop with a certain degree of favour in 1606 at Kyoto, and the following year the Provincial of the Jesuits. About the same time Dominican and Augustinian Fathers began to arrive and to swell the ranks of the missioners. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the number of Japanese Christians is said to have risen to 1,800,000. But the peace was to be of short duration; it was but the prelude to one of the most awful persecutions ever recorded in the history of the Church.

Even during the period just referred to a certain amount of local persecution of the Christians was going on, especially in the principality of Fingo (Higo), where several martyrs suffered. But in 1617 the persecution became general, and for twenty years it endured with a violence surpassing that of Nero. It is a lamentable fact that much of the responsibility of this terrible persecution must be laid at the doors of the Dutch Protestants, who, as well as the English, at this time began to trade largely with Japan. National jealousy of the Portuguese and Spanish, as well as religious hatred, were rife at the time, and there is only too strong evidence to believe that the new-comers did much to poison the mind of the Shogun against the Catholics. Mr. Murray thinks that Ieyasu had also been enraged by the solemn celebration of the beatification of Ignatius Loyola (1609) by public processions of the bishop and all the religious Orders through Nagasaki, in spite of a "warning proclamation" issued in 1606. But this was long years before the outburst of the persecution; the actual edict for the extirpation of Christianity to secure the safety of the empire was issued in 1614. All members of religious orders, whether native or European, were to be expelled the country, the churches which had been erected were to be pulled down, and Japanese converts were to be compelled to renounce their faith. Some 300 persons were shipped from Japan on October 25, but eighteen Jesuit Fathers and nine lay-brothers escaped and lay concealed. Among other exiles was the powerful noble Takeyama, known in the Christian annals as Justus Ucondono. He was one of those converted princes, and is accused of having carried out a system of persecution against the Buddhists in his territory of Akashi. But whatever misguided zeal he may have shown in that matter, he certainly set a bright example of personal heroism in the hour of trial. He stimulated his fellow-Christians by his constancy in the Faith, and his readiness to forego all honours and dignities in its defence. Already banished in Taiko-Sama's reign, he was now deported to the Philippines, where he died of a painful sickness in 1615.

The new edict was carried out with ruthless severity. A special department, entitled, "The Christian Enquiry," was instituted for the purpose of searching out Christians and forcing them to apostasy. Priests and laity were hunted down; large rewards were offered for information against Christians in every rank of life; a special scale was published for the betrayal of parents by their children, and of children by their parents. Ieyasu died in 1616, just at the beginning of the persecution, but it was continued with relentless fury by his son and successor. History has but one verdict upon the diabolic atrocity of the persecution. "One may search the grim history of early Christian martyrology," writes the author of *The Conquests of the Cross*, published by Messrs. Cassell, "without finding anything to surpass the heroism of the Roman Catholic martyrs of Japan. Burnt on stakes made of crosses, torn limb from limb, buried alive, they yet refused to recant." "It has never been surpassed," says Mr. D. Murray of this persecution, "for cruelty and brutality on the part of the persecutors, or for courage and constancy on the part of those who suffered."[1] Mr. Gubbins, in the Japanese Asiatic Society's *Transactions*, after detailing some of the more barbarous tortures inflicted, adds, "Let it not be supposed that we have drawn on the Jesuit accounts solely for this information. An examination of the Japanese records will show that the case is not overstated."

Painful as is the subject, some record must be made of what these heroic confessors of the Faith had to undergo.

> We read (says the last-quoted writer) of their being hurled from the tops of precipices, of their being buried alive, of their being torn asunder by oxen, of their being tied up in rice-bags, which were heaped up together, and of the pile thus formed being set on fire. Others were tortured before death by the insertion of sharp spikes under the nails of their hands and feet, while some poor wretches, by a refinement of horrid cruelty, were shut up in cages and there left to starve with food before their eyes.

Specially awful were the torments inflicted in the caves

[1] *Japan.*

of Un-gen (or On-sen) between Nagasaki and Shimabara. Here some were plunged into the boiling sulphur springs, others suffocated by the fumes, some forced to drink enormous quantities of water, and then, like Margaret Clitheroe, pressed to death beneath crushing weights. But of all the tortures the most terrible was that known as "the Fosse," or suspension head downwards into a pit, the martyr hanging by a rope fastened to the feet and attached to a projecting post. The suffering was excruciating, blood exuding from the mouth and nostrils, and the pressure on the brain being almost unendurable. Yet the victim usually survived eight or nine days! We can hardly be surprised that many succumbed under the trial, and that a number fell away into apostasy. Yet what were they compared with the glorious army of martyrs, including women and children, mostly natives, who triumphed and won their crown? Statistics alone are capable of giving an idea of the terrible character of the persecution. It is reckoned that over 1,000 religious of the four Orders—Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and Augustinians—shed their blood for the Faith during its course, whilst the number of native Japanese lay-folk who perished exceeded 200,000! "Since the Apostolic times no grander spectacle had been exhibited to the Christian world; it embraced episodes beautiful enough to delight the angels, and refinements of wickedness sufficient to excite the jealousy of demons."[1]

Everybody has heard of the trampling on the cross which Europeans were required to perform to save their lives. This test was known to the Japanese as *e-fumi*, and was carried out under the direction of an officer styled *Kirishitan Bugyō*, or "Christian Inquisitor." Specimens of the metal trampling plates upon which the crucifix was engraved—made too from the metal obtained from the Christian altars—are still to be seen in the Uyēno Museum in Tokyo. The Dutch made no difficulty in submitting to the test, and for the sake of trade privileges were content several times a year to trample upon

[1] Louvet, *Les Missions Catholiques au XIX^me^ Siècle*, Paris, 1895, p. 235.

the figure of Him whom they professed to worship as their Saviour.

The last scene in this terrible tragedy was the revolt in the principality of Arima in 1638. One can hardly wonder, perhaps, at the Christians being driven to desperation by their twenty years' persecution. Yet Mr. Murray points out that it is but justice to remember that this rebellion was not due exclusively to the Christians, but that it was probably originated by other causes, namely the misgovernment and senseless cruelty of two successive daimyos of Arima, whose tyranny drove the farmers of Arima and Amakusa to open revolt.[1] Then it was that the Christians rose *en masse* in the province to swell the ranks of the insurgents, the total number amounting, it is said, to 40,000. Then came the long siege of the strong position of Shimabara. It will be remembered that the Dutch under Koeckebacker, on this occasion, acceded to the request of the Government and lent their powder and cannon to the besiegers. Dr. Geerts has written a defence of Koeckebacker's action in the Japan Asiatic Society's *Transactions*, and thinks he could not help doing what he did, and that any European would have done the same in the same position. Finally, Shimabara was carried by assault after a siege of 102 days, and a general massacre ensued. We have Koeckebacker's own authority that of the 40,000, young and old, all, except one, were slaughtered. From that moment Christianity appeared to be extinct in Japan. The last bishop of the ancient Church of Japan, Luis Sotelo, O.S.F., had perished, having been burnt alive in 1624. A few scattered remnants yet remained. Edicts continued to be issued against the pestilent sect of the Christians.

For more than two hundred years notice-boards stood beside highways, ferries, and mountain passes, containing among other prohibitions, the following: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the

[1] *Japan*, pp. 257–260.

Great God of all, if He violate this commandment, shall pay for it with his head." [1]

So the Church, which at the beginning of the century counted 1,800,000 souls, appeared by its close to be absolutely extinct. A silence of death settled down upon it. We hear, indeed, of an Italian Jesuit, Father John Baptist Sidotti, reaching the shores of Japan in 1709; but he was immediately captured and thrust into prison, where he soon perished. He was the last Jesuit who has ever trodden the Japanese soil. After his death darkness, black as night, spread over the scene, for it must be remembered that not only was Christianity (apparently) exterminated, but all intercourse with foreigners, even for trade, was abruptly broken off, the only partial exception being in favour of the Chinese and Dutch.

Before leaving the subject of the ancient Church of Japan, it would seem but justice to record one more of its titles to glory, though, indeed, a minor one. We refer to the labours of the early missioners in behalf of philology and literature. Protestant writers have recorded with astonishment the fact that whilst the Dutch, favoured as they were by the Japanese Government, did nothing in the cause of science, it is to the Catholic Missioners, in spite of the terrible times of persecution, that Europe owes the earliest works relating to the Japanese language and literature. Thus the Dutch Orientalist Hoffmann, writing in the Journal of the German Oriental Society (vol. xii. pp. 441 *sqq.*) says:—

It cannot but excite just surprise, as Adelung has already remarked with disapprobation, that the Dutch, whether merely from lack of interest or from petty motives of selfishness, have waited until the most recent times before publishing anything of value concerning the language and literature of Japan. And yet they had every opportunity to do so. . . . Holland cannot easily allege any serious excuse for not taking the task earlier in hand. They had only to continue building upon a ground already prepared for them by the Portuguese in a highly commendable manner, as was always the case, and bequeathed by them to their successors in Japan, who were the Dutch themselves . . . To whom, then, are we

[1] See Cobbold, *Religion in Japan* (London, S.P.C.K., 1894), p. 94.

indebted for the first scientific knowledge of the Japanese language? To the Dutch? Oh, no! To Portuguese missioners like Alvarez, Rodriguez, and Collado, who had already published their Japanese grammars and dictionaries at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries.[1]

The above-mentioned João Rodriguez, S.J., arrived in Japan in 1583, and under his direction a series of important publications appeared between 1590 and 1610. In 1595 there was printed in the Jesuit College at Amakusa the now rare Portuguese-Latin-Japanese dictionary, occupying 906 quarto pages, and of remarkable completeness. In 1603 followed a Japanese-Portuguese dictionary. In 1604 Father Rodriguez's Japanese grammar was printed at Nagasaki. The Dominicans rivalled the Jesuits in their literary zeal. The above-named Diego Collado was a Dominican, whose dictionary and grammar of the Japanese language appeared in Rome in 1632. Three years before, the Dominicans of Manilla had printed a Spanish translation of the Jesuit dictionary. After Rodriguez, who died in 1633, other missioners, such as Lopez and Sylva, worked in the same field. For two centuries, moreover the reports of the Catholic missioners were the best and almost the only sources of a knowledge of Japan and the Japanese people. Father Froës, S.J., in the second half of the sixteenth century, deserves special mention in this respect. According to Anushin, he was the first European to speak of the curious primæval race of the Ainos.

A number of religious works in the Japanese language for the use of native Christians were compiled and published by the Catholic missioners. Bishop Serqueyra, whom we have spoken of above, composed a work on moral theology. One of the Franciscan fathers, known as Diego de las Llagas, was a native Japanese, who, besides translating the "Flos Sanctorum"

[1] See Jos. Dahlmann, S.J., *Die Sprachkunde und die Missionen*, pp. 57, 58 (Freiburg, Herder, 1891).

into his mother tongue, published also a Japanese grammar and a Spanish-Latin-Japanese dictionary.

Special mention must also be made of the efforts of the early missioners to accommodate the Japanese language to the Roman alphabet, a work which has been taken up earnestly in our own time by the Rōmaji-Kai, and which occupied a considerable share of the attention of the Geneva International Congress of Orientalists in 1894. In 1590 the Jesuit missioners began to cast European type in Japan, and they elaborated a complete system of transcription in Roman characters. Mr. Ernest Satow, the eminent Japanese scholar, has published an interesting monograph, *The Jesuit Mission Press in Japan*, 1590-1610 (London, 1888), in which a full account is given of the literary labours of our missioners in this regard. Numerous Japanese works, printed according to this system, exist in the libraries of Europe.

II.—The "Second Spring" in Japan.

Though Catholicity in Japan was to all intents and purposes extinct, the blood of so many martyrs was not destined to be shed in vain. During the death-silence of well-nigh two centuries, the Holy See did not altogether forget this once so hopeful field of spiritual harvest. Almost contemporaneously with the final struggles of the Church of Japan, an entirely new movement was taking shape in Europe, leading eventually, under the marvellous guidance of Providence, to the erection of the Seminary of the Foreign Missions in Paris, and the formation of the greatest foreign missionary agency which the Church has ever seen, the illustrious Société des Missions Étrangères. In so far as the society can be said to have had "founders" —for in the literal sense of the word it had really no founder[1] -it is the two first Vicars Apostolic for the Far East, Mgr. Pallu and Mgr. de la Motte Lambert,

[1] See on this subject Ad. Launay, *Histoire Generale de la Société des Missions Étrangères*, tom. i. (Paris, 1894).

appointed in 1658 by Pope Alexander VII., who have the nearest claim to that title. The primary end of the new society was the creation of a native clergy in the foreign missionary countries confided to its charge: the second one, the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen. The first centre of its work was in the kingdom of Siam, where a general seminary for the training of native clergy was erected in the old capital, Ayuthia. The earliest countries of the Far East evangelized by the members of the society were Annam (Cochin China), Tonkin, Siam, and parts of China. Yet even at that early date the eyes of the society seem to have been turned towards the Forbidden Land, for two of its very first missionary bishops, Mgr. Laneau and Mgr. Cicé, received in turn the barren title of Vicars Apostolic of Japan.[1] Nothing at all practical, however, was attempted till early on in the present century.[2] Curiosity was awakened in 1831 by the shipwreck of a Japanese vessel on the shores of the Philippines. Some twenty shipwrecked sailors were kindly received by the Spaniards, who were surprised to find them wearing Christian medals, which they appeared to reverence with superstitious veneration. On inquiry, they said they had descended to them from their ancestors. These descendants of the ancient Christians were all instructed and baptized. Already the Anglican Bible Society had been making efforts to introduce their Bibles into Japan, but had met with little success, and even been forced to fly.

To Gregory the XVI. was reserved the glory of re-opening the sealed book of the history of the Japanese Church. In 1832 he erected the Vicariate Apostolic of Korea, attaching to it the Liu-Kiu (Ryu-Kyu, or Loo Choo) Islands, dependencies of Japan, in the hope that

[1] Ad. Launay, p. 202.

[2] It is recorded in the Pulo-Pinang *Compendium Historiæ Eccl.* (1885), that at the close of the last century a few men arrived in Cochin China saying they were Japanese missionaries, and begging for some sacred vestments from the Vicar Apostolic, to whom they made themselves known under the greatest secrecy. The sequel does not appear (p. 127).

they might become a gate opening into the Island Kingdom, as indeed they proved to be. Some attempts —not altogether unsuccessful—seem to have been made at this time by the Société des Missions Étrangères to send a few Catechists into Japan, with what fruit we know not. In 1838 we find Mgr. Imbert writing home, under date November 22, "Souvent il m'arrive de tourner des regards et presque d'espérance vers les rives du Japon." It was the two hundredth anniversary of the massacre of Shimabara.

A new factor was about this time introduced into the Japanese problem. The various governments of Europe and the United States were making more and more energetic efforts to bring about an opening-up of Japan for commercial purposes. In the constant negotiations for this end the various navies necessarily played a leading part; the real diplomatists were the admirals and commodores, French or English, American or Russian, who carried on the only possible communications with the coy government of the Shoguns. The French authorities were willing to associate their efforts with those of the great French missionary society to gain a footing in the Land of Promise. In 1844 the French squadron was under the command of Rear-Admiral Cécile. He consented to despatch the *Alcmène*, under command of Fornier-Duplon, to the Liu-Kiu Islands, having on board M. Forcade, a priest of the Missions Étrangères, and Augustine Ko, a native catechist, who had already suffered as a confessor of the Faith, and subsequently became a priest. On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, April 28th, the capital of the group, Nafa, was reached, and negotiations were at once opened with the government of the petty king. The end was that the two missioners were allowed to remain. They soon found, however, that their condition was little better than an honourable durance. They were installed in a Buddhist monastery, but subjected to a constant and harassing surveillance.

I was barely allowed (wrote M. Forcade) to take a little exercise on the sand or mud by the sea-shore, and even then I might

not go out alone. I was surrounded by the inevitable mandarins, preceded by satellites armed with bamboos to strike the poor people and drive off any passers-by, which was naturally calculated to render me an object of odium.

The Japanese Government having got wind of these proceedings, promptly demanded the missionary's head; but the Dutch resident at Deshimo, to his credit be it said, interposed his good services, and perhaps respect for the French squadron had its influence; the danger passed over. So two years went by, without any possibility of communicating with the natives even of Nafa. In 1846 Pope Gregory XVI., to show his interest in the work, nominated M. Forcade, Bishop of Samos and Vicar Apostolic of Japan. The same year Admiral Cécile called at Nafa with his squadron and endeavoured to negotiate a treaty. The missioners were now allowed to remain in the Tu-mai lamassery and to procure books for the study of the language, and were relieved from the vexatious surveillance they had hitherto endured. Two new missionary priests, MM. Adnet and Leturdu, now arrived at the Liu-Kiu Islands, whilst Mgr. Forcade went to France in the interests of his vicariate.

A gap of eight years now occurs in the progress of our history. In 1854, under the pontificate of Pius IX., M. Collin, a missionary of Manchuria, was nominated Prefect Apostolic of Japan, but died immediately after his nomination. M. Libois, the new Superior, sent out three new missioners to the Liu-Kiu Islands, under M. Girard; but their position was a very painful one, and, like their predecessors, they were subjected to incessant and vexatious surveillance. Once more the French naval commandant, Admiral Guérin, interposed his good offices, and a new treaty was made with the king. The missioners were now allowed to buy some land and build a house in the centre of the town. But as regards evangelical work, all they could possibly achieve was to baptize a few babies at the point of death, and also a few old people.

In 1856, Admiral Laguerre, taking a missionary on

board, visited Nagasaki; but all his efforts at friendly negotiation were in vain. Other European nations had in the interval been more successful. The real opening-up of Japan is to be credited to the United States, for it was Commodore Perry who in 1853 conducted the first successful negotiation with the Shogun's Government, not without a very considerable and perhaps necessary display of force, and the American treaty was ratified in 1854. Treaties followed with Great Britain in the same year, Russia in 1855, and Holland in 1856, each providing for the admission of traders to two Japanese ports. France was still knocking at the door. In 1857, two frigates, having two missionaries on board, touched at Nagasaki, and one of the priests actually landed, but was quickly obliged to beat a retreat.

At last, in 1858, Japan was finally opened to the French, and as a consequence to the missioners of the French society. To Baron Gros belongs the credit of negotiating the treaty at Yeddo (now called Tokyo), signed on October 9th. The ports of Yokohama, Nagasaki, and Hakodate were opened by this diplomatic key. Religious liberty was allowed to foreigners, not yet to natives. On November 28th, M. Girard, now Pro-Vicar Apostolic of Japan, writes in exulting strains to the Central Council of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith :—

> After ten years of waiting and painful uncertainty about the future of a mission always so dear to us, to behold the gates at length opened is an event in which we cannot fail to see the direct intervention of Almighty God. The treaty awards to the Minister Plenipotentiary the right of travelling all over the empire. We hope that one of us may be able to accompany him and seek out the remnants of the ancient Christian settlements said still to exist in Japan.[1]

Very little, however, could be done at first. Prudence made caution absolutely necessary. Missionaries were placed in each of the three treaty ports to attend to the spiritual wants of European Catholics, and chapels were erected at Yokohama and Nagasaki. That of the former

[1] Ad Launay, p. 365.

town was dedicated with considerable pomp on January 12, 1861, and many Japanese, undeterred by severe Government edicts, daily visited it out of curiosity.

We must now turn our eyes for a moment to Rome. Already, as early as 1627, Pope Urban VIII. had permitted the Franciscans and Jesuits to celebrate yearly an Office and Mass in honour of the martyrs of their respective congregations who, as above narrated, had been crucified at Nagasaki under Taiko-Sama in 1597. Their cause pursued its course in Rome, and finally, on Whit Sunday, 1862, Pius IX., surrounded by an extraordinary gathering of Catholic bishops from all parts of the world, had the consolation of solemnly proclaiming the canonization of these twenty-six first Martyrs of Japan.

What followed in Japan seemed like a visible answer to the honours thus so splendidly rendered to these heroes of the Faith. On February 19, 1865, the fine Catholic church dedicated to the XXVI. Martyrs was opened at Nagasaki, the scene of their martyrdom. This church had been built by M. Bernard Petitjean, a native of the diocese of Autun, who, having joined the Société des Missions Étrangères, had been sent out to Japan in 1860. We must let this illustrious missionary, whose name will be for ever indissolubly bound up with the history of the Japanese Church, narrate the wondrous sequel in his own oft-quoted words:—

Scarce a month had elapsed since the benediction of the church at Nagasaki. On March 17, 1865, about half-past twelve, some fifteen persons were standing at the church door. Urged no doubt by my Angel Guardian, I went up and opened the door. I had scarce time to say a *Pater* when three women between fifty and sixty years of age knelt down beside me, and said in a low voice, placing their hand upon their heart:

"The hearts of all of us here do not differ from yours."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Whence do you come?"

They mentioned their village, adding: "At home everybody is the same as we are!"

Blessed be Thou, O my God! for all the happiness which filled my soul. What a compensation for five years of barren ministry! Scarce had our dear Japanese opened their hearts to us than they displayed an amount of trustfulness which contrasts strangely with the behaviour of their pagan brethren. I was obliged to answer all

their questions, and to talk to them of *O Deous Sama*, *O Yaso Sama*, and *Santa Maria Sama*, by which names they designate God, Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin. The view of the statue of the Madonna and Child recalled Christmas to them, which they said they had celebrated in the eleventh month.[1] They asked me if we were not at the seventeenth day of the Time of Sadness (*i.e.*, Lent); nor was St. Joseph unknown to them; they call him *O Yaso Samana yo fu*, "the adoptive father of our Lord." In the midst of this volley of questions footsteps were heard; immediately all dispersed. But as soon as the new-comers were recognized all returned, laughing at their fright.

"They are people of our village," they said. "They have the same hearts as we have."

However, we had to separate for fear of awakening the suspicions of the officials, whose visit I feared. On Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, April 13th and 14th, 1,500 people visited the church of Nagasaki. The presbytery was invaded; the faithful took the opportunity to satisfy their devotion before the crucifix and the statues of Our Lady. During the early days of May the missioners learnt of the existence of 2,500 Christians scattered in the neighbourhood of the city. On May 15th there arrived delegates from an island not very far from here. After a short interview we dismissed them, detaining only the Catechist and the leader of the pilgrimage. The Catechist, named Peter, gave us the most valuable information. Let me first say that his formula for baptism does not differ at all from ours, and that he pronounces it very distinctly. He declares that there are many Christians left up and down all over Japan. He cited in particular one place where there are over 1,000 Christian families. He then asked us about the Great Chief of the Kingdom of Rome, whose name he desired to know. When I told him that the Vicar of Christ, the saintly Pope Pius IX., would be very happy to learn the consoling news given us by himself and his fellow-countrymen, he gave full expression to his joy. Nevertheless, before leaving he wished to make quite sure that we were the true successors of the ancient missioners. "Have you no children?" he asked timidly.

"You and all your brethren, Christian and heathen, of Japan, are all the children whom God has given us. Other children we cannot have.' The priest must, like your first apostles, remain all his life unmarried."

At this reply Peter and his companion bent their heads down to the ground and cried out, "They are celibate. Thank God!"[2]

Next day an entire Christian village invited a visit from the missioners. Two days later 600 more Christians sent a deputation to Nagasaki. By June 8th the mis-

[1] According to the old Japanese calendar, the year began with our February.

[2] Ad. Launay, pp. 457–459.

sioners had learnt the existence of twenty-five "Christianities," and seven "baptizers" were put into direct relation with them."

Thus (to quote M. Launay's admirable *résumé* of this marvellous episode), in spite of the absence of all exterior help, without any sacraments—except baptism—by the action of God in the first place, and in the next by the faithful transmission in families of the teaching and example of the Japanese Christians and martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the sacred fire of the True Faith, or at least a still burning spark of this fire, had remained concealed in a country tyrannized over by a government the most despotic and the most hostile to the Christian religion. All that was required was to blow upon this spark and to rekindle its flame in order to realize once more the wish expressed by our Saviour, "I am come to cast fire upon earth, and what do I desire but that it be enkindled?"

Such was the almost miraculous event of March 17, 1865, in honour of which Pius IX. established a feast, with the rank of a greater double, to be celebrated for ever in Japan under the title of "The Finding of the Christians."

It was a graceful recognition of the part played by Father Petitjean in this resurrection of the Japanese Church that further prompted Pius IX, to nominate him the following year (1866) Bishop of Myrophitus and Vicar Apostolic of Japan.

One of the first acts of the new bishop was to erect a statue to "Our Lady of Japan" in 1867, and the same year Pius IX. pronounced the beatification of 205 more of the early Japanese martyrs, including both men and women.

We cannot be astonished that, in spite of all precautions, the secret soon leaked out in Japan. Christianity was still a proscribed religion, forbidden under pain of death. No wonder the year 1867 saw the commencement of fresh attempts at persecution. In 1868 a fresh edict was issued and displayed on the public notice-boards, declaring, "The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given." One of the missioners, M. Laucaigne (afterwards Vicar

Apostolic), had a narrow escape of being arrested. Sixty-five Christians of Urakami were actually seized.

This same year (1868) saw the great national revolution, which entirely altered the system of government. This is not the place to narrate this, the most important political event which had occurred for seven centuries in Japan. Suffice it to say that the upshot of the struggle was the abolition of the Shogunate, established by Yoritomo as far back as 1192, and the resumption of supreme and undivided power by the real Emperor, the Mikado, whose supremacy had been practically dormant during all those long centuries. It was the still reigning Mikado, Mutsuhito, then only sixteen years of age, under whom this great revolution was effected. Strange to say, this restoration of the imperial power was coincident with a recrudescence of persecution. Fresh imperial edicts against Christians were published. Between October, 1869 and January, 1870, 4,500 Christians were deported from Urakami and the Goto Islands, the chief centres of Catholicity. Pius IX. addressed to these confessors a letter of encouragement. In reply to remonstrances from the Powers, the Government of Tokyo in a memorandum accused the missioners of fomenting disorder. And it was a considerable time before the Consuls could induce the Government to recall the exiles, and withdraw the measures decreed against the Christians.

The next few years are designated in the annual reports of the missioners as a time of mingled persecution and liberty. For in spite of the expiring efforts of hostility and repression, the growth of Catholicity and the expansion of Catholic works went on very rapidly. It was not till 1873 that all religious persecution ceased. It is calculated that between 1868 and 1873 from 6,000 to 8,000 Christians were torn from their families, deported, and subjected to cruel tortures, so that nearly 2,000 died in prison.[1] On March 14, 1873, all the Christian prisoners were set at liberty, though the missioners were not yet allowed to penetrate into the interior.

[1] Louvet, p. 238.

From this time forward the history of Catholicity in Japan has been one of most gratifying progress. The number of missionary priests sent out by the society largely increased, rising from 3 in 1860 to 28 in 1880, and to 98 in 1895. Nuns were introduced, belonging to the two Societies of St. Paul of Chartres and of the Child Jesus. The first religious women entered Japan in 1872, and soon had several native postulants. The first native nun (at least in modern times), and also the first to die, was Agatha Kataoka Fūkū, in religion Sister Margaret, the sister and daughter of martyrs, who herself died quite young from the effects of the ill-usage she had endured as a child in gaol, where she saw her father perish under the blows of the executioner. In 1882 Sister Júlia (Maria Fūyū), and in 1885 Sister Mary (Melania Kustugi Totu) were professed. These were the first fruits of the religious life in the new Church of Japan. There are now a good number of native nuns, both professed and postulants. A native clergy, too, has been created, the first Japanese priest having been ordained in September, 1883, and twenty native priests are already at work. "If," says Louvet, "in the hour of trial this heroic Church, which was able with mere catechists to preserve the Faith, had had a native clergy, it is probable that Japan would at the present day be well-nigh Christian." [1]

The ecclesiastical government of Japan has necessarily developed to keep pace with this religious growth. In 1876 (June 3) Pope Pius IX. divided the vicariate of Japan into two, a North and a South vicariate. His successor, Leo XIII., in 1888 (March 16th), created a third vicariate, Central Japan, out of that of South Japan; and in 1891 (April 17th) divided that of North Japan, erecting the new vicariate of Hakodate. The preceding year, on the 25th anniversary of the "Discovery of the Christian," the First Provincial Synod of Japan was held at Nagasaki, close to the tomb of Bishop Petitjean (who had died October 7, 1884), and in the very church where the wonderful event of March 17, 1865, had taken place.

[1] *Ibid.* p. 239.

Who could then have told Father Petitjean (wrote his successor, Mgr. Jules Cousin) that twenty-five years later there would be assembled at the foot of the same altar four bishops, with over thirty missioners and native priests, and that his first meeting with a few poor women, who were praying to *Santa Maria*, would have had such rapid and consoling results?[1]

At this synod was first announced the great and crowning act long contemplated by Leo XIII.—the formal creation of the Japanese hierarchy. This was effected by the Apostolic Letter *Non minus Nobis*, dated June 15, 1891. In this interesting document the Holy Father, after a brief but succinct summary of the history of Catholicity in Japan from the time of St. Francis Xavier down to our own day, refers in graceful terms to the "courtesy of justice" of the present Japanese Government towards Catholic missioners, and especially to the interchange of amenities between the Holy See and the Mikado. The latter had solemnly received Mgr. Osouf in 1885 with an autograph letter from Leo XIII., expressing the Pontiff's gratitude at the benevolent disposition of the Japanese Government; and in his turn had deputed a diplomatist to Rome to offer his imperial congratulations on the Pope's sacerdotal jubilee.[2]

The Pontiff then proceeds to create and delimit the four sees. The Metropolitan See is fixed at Tokyo, "the illustrious city, which is the capital of the Empire and the residence of the most serene Emperor," and is bounded on the north by the provinces of Echigo, Iwashiro, and Iwaki; in the south it embraces the provinces of Iechizen and Owari, and extends to the shores of Lake Biwa. It is thus a continuation of the old vicariate of North Japan, *minus* that of Hakodate,

[1] *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, vol. iv. p. 63.

[2] Two other indications of the changed dispositions of the Mikado's Government deserve to be quoted here. In 1877 when a fresh persecution threatened in Korea, and Mgr. Ridel, V.A., was arrested, the Japanese Government intervened in his favour! On August 11, 1884, an imperial decree disestablished Buddhism and Shintoism, the State religions, and declared the bonzes to be no longer State officials.

which had been detached only in the April of the same year.

Of the suffragan sees, that of Hakodate, like the vicariate of the same name, embraces the whole of Japan north of the archdiocese, with Yezo, the island of the Ainos, and the Kurile Islands. The see of Nagasaki occupies South Japan, in continuation of the old vicariate, embracing the islands of Kyu-Shu, Hirado, Goto, Chu-shima, the Liu-Kiu Isles, and several smaller ones. All the rest, the former vicariate of Central Japan, from Lake Biwa to the south of the main island of Nippon, and including the island of Shikoku, forms the diocese of Osaka. The former Vicars Apostolic now became bishops with territorial titles: Mgr. Osouf being first Archbishop of Tokyo, and Metropolitan; Mgr. Cousin, Bishop of Nagasaki; Mgr. Midon, Bishop of Osaka; and Mgr. Berlioz, Bishop of Hakodate.

With the creation of the hierarchy, the Church of Japan enters upon an entirely new era of her history.[1]

[1] We append in this footnote a "series episcoporum" of Japan, taken from the Pulo-Pinang *Compendium* and not easy to find elsewhere, with the alterations and additions necessary to bring it up to the present day :—

I. Antonio Oviedo, S.J., Patriarch of Ethiopia; appointed "Bishop of Japan," by St. Pius V., but declined to accept.
II. Melchior Carnero, S.J., Bishop of Nicaea; Coadjutor to above, but died at Macao.
III. Sebastian Morales, S.J., Bishop of Japan, under Sixtus V.; died at Mozambique on his way out.
IV. Pedro Martinez, S.J., Bishop of Japan, the first to land; was present at the sufferings of the twenty-six martyrs.
V. Luiz Serqueyra, S.J., Coadjutor; ruled till 1614.
VI. Didaco Valens, S.J., died at Macao on his way out.
VII. Luis Sotelo, O.S.F., Bishop of East and North Japan; reached Nagasaki, 1622; arrested and burnt alive, 1624.
VIII. Auguste Forcade, S.M.E., Bishop of Samos, and V.A. of Japan. (After his death F.F. Collin, Libois, and Girard, Superiors.)
IX. Bernard Petitjean, S.M.E., Bishop of Myrophitus and V.A. of Japan, 1866; V.A. of South Japan, 1876; died 1884.
X. Joseph Laucaigne, S.M.E., Bishop of Apollonia, and Auxiliary to preceding, 1873; died 1885.
XI. Pierre M. Osouf, S.M.E., Bishop of Arsinoe and V.A. of North Japan, 1877; Archbishop of Tokyo, 1891.

The following table[1] gives a summary view of the growth of the Japanese Church in this century :—

Year.	Superiors.	Missioners.	Native Clergy.	Churches and Chapels.	Schools.	Number of Catholics.
1860	1 Prefect Apostolic	2	0	0	0	(none known)
1870	1 Vicar Apostolic	13	0	4	0	10,000
1880	2 ,, ,,	28	0	80	60	23,989
1891	1 Archbishop, 3 Bishops	82	15	164	64	44,505

The following additional particulars regarding religious persons and works in the four dioceses are taken from the most recent sources :—

Archdiocese of Tokyo.—There are 9,016 Catholics ; 32 native catechists ; 14 Brothers of Mary for education of boys ; 25 Sisters of the Holy Child, some of them natives, besides 8 novices ; 10 Sisters of St. Paul, with 5 native postulants. There is an ecclesiastical seminary, a preparatory college, a Marist college with 102 boys ; the 18 primary schools and 4 orphanages contain 2,675 pupils. There is also a Leper asylum (Gotemba) with 34 lepers, and 3 dispensaries kept by the nuns.

Diocese of Nagasaki.—This is the most Catholic part of Japan, containing (in 1895) 32,655 Catholics. There are now 17 native priests in it, and 14 native clerics ; 50 native catechists for preaching to the heathen, and 150 more for religious instruction of Christians ; 6 Marist Brothers ; 12 European and 4 native nuns. There are further a seminary, a school for catechists, 8 communities of native sisters for hospital and school work, with 180 members ; 5 farms and workshops (238 inmates), 7 orphanages (389 children), 3 dispensaries.

Diocese of Osaka.—There are 4,432 Catholics ; 54 native catechists ; 14 nuns and 2 postulants ; 13 schools, with 759 pupils, and 5 orphanages.

Diocese of Hakodate.—Contains 4,199 Catholics ; 24 catechists ; 12 nuns, and 5 schools, with 536 pupils. The speciality of this mission is that it embraces that curious aboriginal race, the Ainus,

XII. Jules A. Cousin, S.M.E., Bishop of Acmonia, and V.A. of South Japan, 1885 ; Bishop of Nagasaki, 1891.

XIII. Felix M. Midon, S.M.E., Bishop of Cæsaropolis, and V.A. of Central Japan, 1888 ; Bishop of Osaka, 1891 ; died 1893.

XIV. Alexandre Berlioz, S.M.E., Bishop of Kalnisda, V.A., and then Bishop of Hakodate, 1891.

XV. Henri Vasselon, S.M.E., second Bishop of Osaka, 1894.

[1] From Louvet, ch. xiii.

of Yezo, the evangelization of whom was seriously taken in hand by Bishop Berlioz in 1893.[1]

III.—The Future of the Church in Japan.

And the future? The establishment of the Japanese hierarchy may be very correctly regarded as the close of one epoch, and the opening of another. What are the prospects of the Catholic Church in the Japan of the twentieth century?

To guide us in forming a probable estimate of the outlook, we have the best possible sources of information; the views of the experienced missionary bishops who constitute the Japanese hierarchy, as contained in their annual reports to the society which has sent them forth to their evangelical labours. Let us then consult the *Compte Rendu des Travaux*, published in 1894 and since.

These reports have undoubtedly their consoling side. The number of Catholics in 1894 was 48,889, a not very large growth of 4,384 since 1891 (see preceding table). During the twelve months the number of adult pagans converted and baptized had been 2,460; the number of children of Christian parents baptized (representing the *natural* growth of the Church) 1,250. Works of education and charity show a gratifying increase. Special mention is made of the two excellent leper asylums of Gotemba and Kumamoto. Leprosy is still a terrible scourge of the Japanese Archipelago, and very heart-rending are the accounts published from time to time by our Catholic missioners, especially Fathers Vigroux and Corre, in the pages of *Illustrated Catholic Missions*,[2] of the wretched and abandoned victims of this fell disorder. The work among the lepers will doubtless bring with it many spiritual blessings on our missionary work, and must produce a great effect on the native mind. It is consoling, again, to read of the primitive

[1] See "A Catholic Bishop among the Ainus of Japan," by Miss E. M. Clerke, in *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, vol. ix., pp. 89, 100.

[2] See especially, vol. iv. p. 176; vol. vi. p. 48; vol. vii. p. 103; vol. ix. pp. 70, 135.

fervour which still characterizes the Christians of the Goto Islands, "the heritage of the ancient Church of Japan;" of the living zeal and self-denying labours of the Catechists of Oshima; and of the great hopes entertained of the future conversion of the Ainus, whom Father Rousseau finds "docile, sympathetic and humble," their chief defects being excessive timidity, and—alas! — the love of intoxicating drink.

But it is useless to deny that there are many dark clouds looming over the future of Japanese Catholicity. The era of actual persecution is over,[1] but it may well be doubted whether the dangers that seem to threaten are not more formidable than the sword and fire of the persecutor. The bishops' reports are full of these perils. The Archbishop of Tokyo enumerates four agencies at work which impede the advance of Catholicity; these are, the active hostility of the bonzes, the antagonism of the sects, political agitation and the growing dislike of foreigners, and chiefly the anti-Catholic press. Two of these agencies deserve a word of fuller explanation. Since Japan was opened to foreign intercourse a very large number of missions have been founded by various European and American sects. The best account of these will be found in Mr. Cobbold's extremely interesting little book *Religion in Japan*, which deserves commendation for its general fairness and for the appreciative manner in which it treats our Catholic missions, both ancient and modern. The Russian Church pursues an active propaganda, has a fine cathedral at Tokyo, and claims a total membership of over 20,000, divided into 219 congregations. The number of adult baptisms for 1892 is given as 952; and the proximity of Russian Asia to Japan is highly favourable to this mission. The various Protestant missions are so numerous as to be confusing. The Americans were first in the field, having begun work in 1859. Three of these missions, viz.,

[1] Strangely enough, however, even at the present day, "our missionaries are allowed to reside in the interior of Japan only on sufferance and as travellers. The passports issued for this purpose have to be renewed half-yearly" (*Compte Rendu des Travaux*, p. 94).

those of the American Episcopal Church, the Church of England, and the English Church in Canada, have formed a kind of alliance, holding biennial synods, under the general title of "Nippon Sei Kokwai," or "Church of Japan." The total membership of this group is stated to be 4,300, of whom 3,000 belong to the Anglican Church (represented by both the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Promotion of the Gospel). There are three or four American and English bishops. Another amalgamation of religious bodies is that entitled "The Church of Christ in Japan," made up of several American sects and the United Presbyterians of Scotland, claiming a membership of 11,190. Then there are the "Kumi-ai Churches"—*i.e.*, the Congregationalists—with a total of 10,700. Lastly, there are a number of *disjecta membra*, such as American and Canadian Methodists, Baptists, Swiss Protestants, American Friends, Scandinavian Church, and Unitarians, totalling about 8,460. This would raise the sum total of Protestant sects of all denominations to about 34,650 according to their own statistics

Now, even if all these discordant sects displayed no hostility to the work of the Catholic Church, it cannot be doubted that the spectacle of the disintegration of the Christian name and the contradictory nature of their respective teachings must produce the worst possible effect upon the keen and intelligent mind of the Japanese, and must afford a powerful argument to the bonzes in comparing Christianity unfavourably with Buddhism; nor are they slow to avail themselves of so formidable a weapon. Miss Bickersteth (daughter of an Anglican bishop) in her book *Japan as We Saw It* (1893), quoted by Mr. Cobbold, does not fail to remark this:

> It was impossible not to be struck (she says) with the present complication of religious matters in the country as compared with the days of Xavier. . . . The divisions of Christendom are nowhere more evident than in its foreign missions to an intellectual people like the Japanese. The Greek, the Roman, the Anglican Churches, the endless "splits" of Nonconformity must and do present to the Japanese mind a bewildering selection of possibilities in religious truth.

In connection with this, Mr. Cobbold comments strongly on the disastrous "trimming" in formulæ, chiefly with reference to the Divinity of Christ, practised by some of the Nonconformist sects, and which he calls "full of painful significance."[1] The same writer perceives that the married missionary of the sects is specially unsuited to Japan as to other Eastern fields,[2] and certainly cannot tend to their Christianization. It will be evident, therefore, that the advent of all these sects has rendered the work of the Catholic missionaries far more arduous and precarious.

An anti-Catholic press is quite a new element of difficulty to cope with:

> The great means (writes M. Ligneul), the principal means employed by the sectaries and by enemies of all kinds and all shades against the propagation of Christianity is the Press. The Press is nowadays, at least as much as in Europe, the real power. Everybody reads, and each one, especially since the establishment of constitutional government, pretends more than ever before to judge of everything for himself.[3]

Some remarkable statistics regarding the Japanese press are given by Archbishop Osouf. In 1892 the number of books published in Japan was 20,647, of which 7,334 were new works and the rest translations or re-editions. Of newspapers there were 792, and of these 69 were religious, issuing a total of 1,837,000 numbers. Now the largest proportion of these works and papers were Buddhist. The Protestants have 22 papers or other periodicals, and large numbers of books; the catalogues of two Tokyo booksellers mentions 600 of all sizes and prices. The Russians issue a fortnightly periodical of 32 pages. And the Catholics? For some time they issued a small Catholic paper of only 18 pages, but in only 440 copies, and for want of support even this tiny venture had to be stopped last year! It appears to us that what is most urgently needed is a Japanese Catholic Truth Society!

[1] Cobbold, p. 106. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 111.
[3] *Comple Rendu*, p. 38.

The great event of 1893 was the issue of an Anti-Christian work by one Inoue Tetsujiro, a professor of the Imperial University, who had studied at the University of Berlin, whence he returned with the degree of Ph.D. and a knowledge of three European languages. It has been his endeavour to rehabilitate Buddhist pantheism by clothing it in the garb of German rationalistic philosophy. The book is written in a very attractive, almost irresistible style; the high reputation of its author for learning secured him at once a hearing, and in a few weeks the book had an immense success. Its main thesis is that Christianity is contrary to the welfare of the Japanese State and family. The true religion of Japan is patriotism. Christianity is Anti-Japanese. The writer dishes up all kinds of old arguments: the decadence of Catholic nations in Europe, and the contempt of the educated classes for Catholicism; the alleged incompatibility of its teaching with the results of experimental science; the intellectual inferiority of the clergy; the moral corruption of Europe, in spite of its profession of Christianity; the absence of patriotic teaching in the Gospel, the apparent opposition of some of its doctrines to family duties; even the Inquisition and Galileo find their place among the two hundred objections piled up together with little or no attempt at proof, but in eloquent language, and all leading to the same conclusion—"Christianity is contrary to the welfare of country and home." In the present disposition of the Japanese mind one can easily understand the phenomenal success of this book, which was soon followed by two others of a like nature, and doubtless others will yet appear. The missioner quoted above, M. Ligneul, did not delay in producing a reply to this pernicious work, the refutation of which is by no means difficult. The first volume of this reply was already printed, and great good was anticipated from its appearance. According to Japanese law, however, before a book can be issued from the press, two copies must be deposited at the Ministry of the Interior. This was done by M. Ligneul, and the very day before his book was to be

published a Ministerial decree prohibited its issue on the ground that "it menaced the public peace!" The impression produced was extremely painful. "On the one hand," writes the Archbishop, "we see Christianity publicly and very violently attacked, on the other we are placed in the impossibility of publishing a reply. It is very hard! However," his Grace adds, "there is hope that some good may yet result." Nearly all the newspapers published the official censure. The book of M. Ligneul has thereby already gained a certain notoriety, and is being widely asked for. It is expected that it may be so modified in parts that governmental susceptibilities will no longer be offended, and if finally issued its success seems guaranteed beforehand. Please God that these expectations may be realized.

But there is a factor in the life and development of the Japanese nation deeper than any of those yet referred to, and which in the long run threatens to be more dangerous to the Church than any other. This is the ever-growing spirit of materialism and indifferentism, lamented by almost every one of the missioners.

Our readers will scarce need to be reminded of the extraordinary and probably unprecedented change which has come over the political and social life of Japan during the reign of the present Mikado. That change can best be expressed as the "Europeanization" of Japan. Western civilization has been taken over *en bloc*, and, without any transition, the quaint Japan of the Shoguns and the daimyos, with their strange costumes, grotesque armour, and half-barbarous system of feudal aristocracy, has been transformed into a modern constitutional kingdom, with its Houses of Parliament and responsible Ministry, its latest Parisian or London fashions, its railways, telegraphs, bicycles, machinery, universities, learned societies, newspapers, and all the other paraphernalia of our so-called "civilization." The late war has shown how in the matter of armaments and military organization, in ironclads, torpedo-boats, and the whole equipment of army and navy, Japan can well-nigh claim to rank among the Great Powers of the day. Unfortunately this

civilization thus suddenly thrust upon the Japanese people is of a purely materialistic nature. As is the case in India, European education, the spirit of "corrosive criticism," has shattered the beliefs of the ancient religions of the country, whose puerilities and superstitions have become only too apparent to more enlightened minds, and have substituted no form of religious belief in their place. The result is a blank scepticism, a purely negative rationalism. This result is well expressed in a passage quoted by Mr. Cobbold:

> A dull apathy as regards religion has settled down upon the educated classes of Japan. The gods of heathenism have crumbled to nothing before modern science and civilization, and the glimmer of light and truth to which they pointed has gone as well.[1]

This is the cry of all the missioners, as the following extracts from the *Compte Rendu* will show:—

> The characteristic note of the period we are passing through (writes M. Bulet) is, if I am not mistaken, a real religious indifference, which is more difficult to overcome than the ancient hostility which made martyrs.

The Bishop of Nagasaki, Mgr. Cousin, enumerates as the chief obstacle to be encountered

> the ever-growing indifference of the population in regard to religious matters. This indifference is produced by books, newspapers, the official education, the thirst for material well-being for which the extension of commerce and relations with the outer world have opened up new resources.

The Bishop of Osaka enumerates the difficulties of his ministry, and among them "the general spirit of the people, a spirit which is intelligent, open, supple, but completely absorbed by politics and the fever of material progress." At Miyazu, we read, "the opening of a commercial port and that of a naval port at Maizuru have so pre-occupied men's minds, that they can find neither time nor disposition to study a foreign religion."

[1] *Religion in Japan*, p. 109.

The sad results of this state of things are visible on every page of the report. There is an actual slackening in the tide of conversions, and a falling off among the Christians themselves. "Nearly all the missionaries," reports Archbishop Osouf, "complain of a want in their Christians, the absence of zeal to propagate their religion around them." M. Steichen, writing of his district of Shizuoka, declares

> This year has been the most painful of my life. To judge by the number of baptisms I have to report, one might doubt of the zeal of my five catechists. Nothing could be more unjust. . . . St. Paul (2 Tim. iv.) has well described the state of my district: "There shall be a time when they will not endure sound doctrine, but will turn away their hearing from the truth, and will be turned unto fables."

At Matsumoto M. Drouart deplores the stationary state of the Christianity, in spite of the labours of his predecessors and himself. In the archdiocese the boarding-schools for girls, in spite of the unbounded devotedness of the nuns, do not increase; the number of elementary schools and pupils has slightly decreased. With the consoling exception of Oshima, the Bishop of Nagasaki does not foresee anywhere in his diocese any considerable movement of conversions. At Yamagata "some thirty catechumens have fallen away during the year, under the influence of political excitement and the revulsion of feeling against foreigners."

But we have quoted enough to convince our readers of the great dangers which threaten the future of the Church in Japan, all the more alarming, because far more subtle and insidious, than all the ferocious cruelties of Hideyoshi and Ieyasu, and their successors. The devoted pastors of the Church are, thank God, fully alive to the signs of the times, as their own words prove. Dark as the outlook may be in many respects, terrible as is the struggle before them – for they may truly say "our wrestling is not with flesh and blood," but with the spirit of worldliness and infidelity –we still feel encouraged to hopes of ultimate triumph. All the roseate expectations of 1865, and still more of 1891, are probably not to be

realized so soon ; but it seems almost a want of faith to doubt that the prayers and groans of St. Francis Xavier, and the blood of so many martyrs, known and unknown, poured forth like water during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will, in God's own good time, bear a glorious harvest in the century that is about to dawn. *Fiat, fiat !*

Bishop Challoner.

(1691–1781.)

By the Rev. EDWIN H. BURTON.

The eighteenth century was a cheerless time in the history of the Catholic Church in England. It was the long winter preceding the second spring. The age of the martyrs was over: the days of the revival of the Faith had yet to come. Persecution continued, and Catholics were harassed unceasingly though the price they paid for their religion was their liberty and property rather than their blood. The downfall of the Stuart dynasty had crushed the brief hopes formed during the reign of James II.; and on the accession of the House of Orange there had seemed no future left to the Church in England, but gradual extinction. The new penal statutes of William III., followed by further enactments under Anne and the first two Georges, increased the hardships of the Church, by subjecting the laity to fresh disabilities and the clergy to fresh dangers. This unrelenting persecution, and especially the policy of starvation carried out with regard to Catholic education, did its work so well, that as the eighteenth century advanced, Catholics, so far from being able to make any headway in the conversion of their fellow-countrymen,

were unable even to maintain their own position. Thus to the other difficulties of the time was added the discouragement of decreasing numbers. The outlook of the Church in England grew darker than ever. Her present lot was persecution without martyrdom: her future was without prospect of relief.

The life of Bishop Challoner coincides with this dreary epoch from its beginning to its close. Born in 1691, within three years of the flight of James II. and the establishment of the Protestant succession, he lived to see the dawning of better times in the first Catholic Relief Act of 1778, which was the practical repeal of the more sanguinary penal laws and the forerunner of Catholic emancipation. During the last forty years of his life he naturally possessed, as bishop, great influence over the Catholic body; while throughout his whole missionary career he exercised an even wider influence by the numerous writings which have made his name a household word amongst us even in these days, when the circumstances of his life have been well-nigh forgotten and the memory of his contemporaries has passed away. Thus his name has come to be identified with the period we have described, even as that of Milner is identified with a later time.

But the secret of his greatness, both as bishop and as writer, lay in the silent power of his hidden saintliness. Doubtless the true history of that meek and mortified life of ninety years is to be found in the pages of his *Meditations* and of his other spiritual works. This, indeed, was felt by his friend and first biographer, the Rev. James Barnard, who wrote his life in accord with this idea. But if the true force of his life is seen in his works, it is none the less true that the works themselves gain a fresh value if we study them in the light of the story of his life.

He was born at Lewes in Sussex on September 29th, 1691. The surroundings of his birth and early life gave little promise of his future: his parents were Protestants, and their child was baptized by a Presbyterian minister. His father was a wine-cooper by trade, and apparently

not in thriving circumstances, for at his death (which happened not long after his son's birth), his widow was compelled to seek a situation as housekeeper. In this capacity she entered the household of Sir John Gage, a Catholic who resided at Firle in Sussex. Later on she became housekeeper to another Catholic, Mr. Holman of Warkworth in Northamptonshire. Her little son Richard accompanied her to both places. It is not known when Mrs. Challoner became a Catholic, but it was probably about the time she went to Warkworth, for it was there that Richard was received into the Church by the Rev. John Gother, chaplain to Mr. Holman, and the most celebrated controversialist of his age.

Under the guidance of this holy and remarkable man, Richard Challoner remained until he was thirteen years old; and it may be said that during this period his character was formed, and his vocation in life determined. So far as we can judge from external events, his progress in later years was the uninterrupted development of the lessons he learned from his first teacher; for the boy's affectionate nature made him an apt pupil, whilst the whole character of his after-life appears to have been singularly free from moral crisis or change of purpose. That Gother exerted upon him a lifelong influence is further shown by the striking resemblance, both in spirit and style, between the writings of both.

Gother—who was himself a convert—had been ordained priest at Lisbon, and in 1682 had returned to labour on the English Mission. At the time when Richard Challoner was brought under his influence he had attained wide celebrity by his writings. Dryden greatly admired his literary power; and it is stated, that many of those converted by his depth of doctrine had been led to read him in the first instance by the excellence of his style. His spiritual works alone fill sixteen volumes, and his controversial works are even more numerous. One of them, *A Papist Misrepresented and Represented*, called by Bishop Milner "an incomparable work," passed through nearly forty editions; while, over and above many reprints of individual

writings, the complete collection of his spiritual works went through four or five editions during the eighteenth century.

Of Gother's private life little is known. Dodd, in his *History*, thus wrote of him: "He concealed himself entirely from the world. Nothing appeared but the effects of his learning and piety." But his merit had marked him out as a fit man to undertake a more responsible position; so that in 1704, when Bishop Ellis resigned the charge of the Western District, the other Vicars-Apostolic proposed Gother, amongst others, as his successor. He had, however, already been appointed President of the English College at Lisbon, and he was, in fact, on his way thither when he died at sea on October 2nd, 1704. The captain of the vessel, who was an Italian, was so struck with his eminent sanctity that he would not bury the body at sea, but carried it on to Lisbon, where it was interred in the chapel of the English College, at the foot of the altar of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

But before leaving Warkworth for the above-mentioned voyage to Lisbon, Gother, seeing the great progress made by Richard Challoner under his direction, and judging also that the boy had a vocation for the priesthood, had been able to procure for him one of Bishop Leyburn's foundations at Douay. In this he was assisted by Mr. Holman's wife, Lady Anastasia. She was the daughter of William, Viscount Stafford, who suffered for the Faith through the Titus Oates Plot in 1680.

Richard arrived at Douay to commence his studies for the priesthood on July 31st, 1704, being then nearly thirteen years of age. Within the walls of the venerable English College he was to spend the next twenty six years of his life.

His course was exceptionally brilliant, and he completed his studies in eight years instead of taking the customary twelve. The annals of the college record the judgement of his superiors concerning his student-life by stating, that "in all his exercises, whether private or

public, he showed an excellent genius, quick parts, and solid judgment." His memory was always remarkably good. Bishop Milner relates of him, that even in old age he was able to repeat accurately passages from the Greek poets, which he had learned when a boy.

At the age of seventeen he took the college oath, by which every student destined for the English Mission bound himself to that work, promising to return to England, when ordained priest, to labour for the salvation of souls. In 1712, when he was only twenty-one years old, his knowledge and talents justified his selection as Professor of Poetry and Rhetoric.[1]

His ability in teaching seems to have been no less marked than his success as a student; for a year later, on October 6th, 1713, he was chosen to fill the responsible office of Professor of Philosophy—a position which he held for the following eight years. Meanwhile, in 1716, he was ordained deacon, on the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. Three weeks later, on Holy Saturday March 28th, he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Tournai, and he celebrated his first Mass on Easter Sunday. He was then in his twenty-fifth year.

His old friend, Rev. James Barnard, speaking of him at this time, says: "He was more solicitous to make a progress in the science of the saints than in the human sciences. And in this he advanced by large steps, by a punctual observance of even the minutest rules of the community, by a ready obedience to the will of his superiors, by the daily practice of self-denial, recollection of soul, humble and fervent prayer, and fervent, pious ejaculations sent from a heart burning with the love of God; and by an earnest desire of propagating the glory

[1] "Poetry" and "Rhetoric" were the names of two classes, or forms at Douay. The full course of studies lasted for twelve years, of which the first six were spent in classical and mathematical studies, or "Humanities," as they were called, the next two in Philosophy, and the last four in Theology. The course of Humanities was divided into six classes: Lower Figures, Higher Figures, Grammar, Syntax, Poetry, and Rhetoric. These terms have survived, with some slight modification, and are still in use in most of our Catholic colleges.

of His name, and promoting the salvation of souls redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ."

This practice of recollection distinguished his whole life. Whether engaged in the duties of professor, writer, priest, or bishop, he was ever first and foremost a man of prayer. His habit of ejaculations is mentioned by those who were intimate with him as being noticeable even when he was engaged in business or conversation.

In July, 1718, for the first time during fourteen years, he visited England, where his mother was still living. He returned to his duties at Douay in September, and was once more at work, pursuing his own studies even while engaged in teaching philosophy. That he made considerable progress in theology is shown by the fact that in April, 1719, he took the degree of Bachelor and Licentiate in Divinity—the college record adds, "with the great applause of all."

A year later, a new office fell to his lot. On July 13th, 1720, he was appointed Vice-President of the college—in place of Dr. Dicconson, who had left Douay for the English Mission—at the same time exchanging the Chair of Philosophy for that of Theology. He continued to hold his new offices for more than ten years.

The duties of the Vice-President seem to have been far from light, since, as we are told by Rev. J. Barnard, "the whole house (the person of the President alone excepted), the care of their souls, the welfare of their bodies, the regularity of discipline, and the superintendence over the other superiors and professors, was put under his care."

Besides being Vice-President and Professor of Theology, he was also Prefect of Studies; so that we can well understand Barnard's opinion, that "the office of Vice-President and its accompaniments could not fail of being, at least in some degree, contrary to Mr. Challoner's inclinations, and afford him some distractions with regard to that internal recollection of soul, which he always endeavoured to cultivate and preserve."

Yet he did not confine his activity within the college walls, for we hear of him on one occasion, when an Irish

regiment in the service of Louis XIV. was quartered at Douay, visiting and instructing these fellow-countrymen and tending them in the hospitals. We even catch a glimpse of him preaching to them, one St. Patrick's Day, on the text, "If ye be the children of Abraham, do the works of Abraham."

Occupied as he was, he continued his studies, and in 1727 took his degree of Doctor of Divinity, which, in the words of the college diary, "in the opinion of all men he had long before deserved."

But his heart was fixed on the English Mission. Years before his departure from the college we find traces of his desire to enter on the difficult and dangerous work in England, and also of the attempts of his brother priests to dissuade him from his purpose. Allusion to this was made in the addresses to him when he gained his doctorate. The persuasions of his friends were for a time successful, and he continued his work at Douay, adding to it, however, the labour of authorship. The year 1728 saw the publication of his first book. In keeping with his life and teaching, this first work was on prayer. He was so convinced of the value of meditation that during his whole life he never ceased to carry on an Apostolate of Mental Prayer. This book, known as *Think Well On't*, consisted of meditations for every day of the month. It was the forerunner of his larger work, *Meditations for every Day in the Year.*

From the publication of *Think Well On't* till his death, fifty years later, his pen was never idle. Bishop Milner remarks that we might be led to imagine that Challoner had done nothing else but write, did we not know how assiduous he ever was in the discharge of his sacred functions, and how much of his time was constantly taken up with preaching, instructing, administering the Sacraments, attending to the various and intricate concerns of his district, and with his prayers and devotions.

At length Dr. Challoner obtained the wish of his heart. In 1730 he was enabled to resign his offices at the English College and leave his home of more than a

quarter of a century, to work in the field of missionary labour, whither so many of his own pupils had preceded him. On August 18th, 1730, he left Douay for England. He was now nearly forty years of age, and, as the college annals recording his departure say, "a man very skilled in every kind of knowledge, endowed with distinguished piety, and inflamed by zeal for souls and love for God and his neighbour."

In those days the lot of a priest in England was in strong contrast to the peaceful retirement of Douay. The penal laws were still in force, and though fifty years had passed since the last blood had been shed in these islands—that of the Venerable Archbishop Plunket—priests were still in danger of undergoing sufferings, to which any death, not to speak of one which brought with it a martyr's crown, would have been preferable. The partial exercise of the laws against priests frequently meant confinement for life in prisons which the zeal of John Howard had not yet reformed; and if this fate were escaped, there yet remained hardships enough in the difficult conditions under which priests carried on their ministry, to enable them with truth to echo the words of the apostle: "Even unto this hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode, and we labour working with our own hands: we are reviled, and we bless: we are persecuted, and we suffer it."

Bishop Giffard, the aged Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, in a pathetic letter written a few years previously, had said: "The continual fears and alarms we are under is something worse than Newgate." And he had had no inconsiderable experience of prison life. "In one I lay on the floor a considerable time; in Newgate almost two years; afterwards in Hertford Jail; and now daily expect a fourth prison to end my life in." As late as 1767, a Catholic priest was sentenced to imprisonment for life though in his case the sentence was commuted to banishment—so that it was no dead code of obsolete laws, that Dr. Challoner returned to face in his native land. The law relating to priests at that time

was thus summed up by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield in the trial of Rev. J. Webb in 1768: "By the Statute of Queen Elizabeth, 27, c. 2, it is high treason for any man who is proved to be a priest to breathe in this kingdom. Another statute was made afterwards more mild, that only imposed a fine and short imprisonment. And this Statute of King William (11 & 12, c. 4) condemns any priest convicted of exercising his functions to perpetual imprisonment." Moreover, it was high treason to reconcile any person to the Catholic Church. In addition to these special statutes, priests were subject to all the penalties and disabilities that successive Acts of Parliament had heaped upon all Catholics, clergy and laity alike. The more galling provisions of these enactments are too well known to need recapitulation here; and though some of them appear to have fallen into disuse, others were constantly put in force long after public opinion was in favour of their repeal. At length the Relief Act of 1778 deprived informers of the reward previous statutes had allowed them: after this date the Penal Laws remained practically a dead letter, until the Act of 1791 swept them away, and ended the persecution that had lasted for over two hundred and thirty years.

But at the time of Dr. Challoner's arrival in England the Church was still in hiding, and her rites were performed wherever a priest, gathering a handful of the faithful around him, could raise an altar in some out-of the-way room. Even then, every precaution was necessary: scouts were posted to give notice of the approach of search-parties, disguises were adopted, the congregation assembled by roundabout routes, and the utmost secrecy was observed — so much so, that it is now very difficult to ascertain where these meeting-places were. The only chapels where Mass could be said and the Sacraments administered openly, were the private chapels of Catholic ambassadors, which were privileged by law and to which Catholics were able to gain admittance as visitors; but even these were carefully watched, and attempts to preach sermons in English were soon stopped by the intervention of the Government. Still the Sardinian

Embassy in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Bavarian Embassy in Warwick Street, and the French, Spanish, and Portuguese Embassies served as centres of Catholic life, and proved of great assistance in difficult times. Bishop Giffard, at this time still Vicar Apostolic of the London District, had lain hidden in the Venetian ambassador's house some years before, but had been compelled to leave when the Embassy was withdrawn. From a letter he then wrote we get an insight into the difficulties of the clergy. "Where to get a lodging in London; such as I may admit people to with security, and transact business, I cannot tell. I do all I can, and suffer a great deal; having no certain abode, but forced sometimes to change lodgings four times in a week; and once lodged at four different places in four days' time. One poor garret is palace, cathedral, table of audience, dining-room, bedchamber, and often, kitchen also. I thank God, this is my glory, and my joy; and could I be permitted to preach to my flock, I would not change my condition for that of the greatest cardinal."

As the clergy were thus forced continually to change their lodgings, it seems probable that the places where they assembled their flocks were also frequently changed. Of course the chapels of the ambassadors were inadequate, even had prudence permitted them to throw open their doors to all; and even these were closed, with one exception, after the rising of 1745. When the security of these privileged chapels were not available, Catholics would meet in rooms, sometimes in the mansions of the wealthier among them, sometimes amid more humble surroundings. Even a cockpit is known to have been used. Frequently rooms were hired in alehouses, where a concourse of people was less noticeable; but almost the only traces we have of these improvised chapels are found in accounts of raids made upon them by informers. Thus, in 1735, the *Gentleman's Magazine* records the discovery of "a private Mass-House at a little ale-house at the back of Shoreditch, where nearly 100 people had got together in a garret." Before 1740 there were two disguised chapels in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields,

which were known to the initiated as Brown's and Thompson's Penny Hotels, and which were the predecessors of the present Church of St. Mary, Moorfields. At a later date we hear of a "Mass-House" in Hog Lane, Seven Dials, and another in "The Park," Southwark, while before Dr. Challoner's death there were chapels in Virginia Lane, Wapping, and Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield. But these chapels and the few schools which Dr. Challoner lived to see opened, were undreamt of when he arrived from Douay; and in 1730 the Church was still in the Catacombs.

At Douay, then, the first part of Dr. Challoner's life had been entirely spent: he was to spend the rest of it in London. It is not difficult for us to realize this new scene of his labours. The pencil of Hogarth has preserved for us the London of George II. in every detail. In the works of this painter we have reproduced the very streets and scenes amongst which moved the holy priest, disguised as a layman. His abode in London was never long in the same house: he dwelt sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, according as prudence might dictate. From this time till his death he was always a hunted man. Even after toleration had been secured by Act of Parliament, he was forced to fly from his house to escape the violence of the mob during the Gordon Riots.

But few details of his life at this time are recorded. What we do know is fully in keeping with his previous life. Bishop Milner, who knew him intimately for over twenty years, says of him: "He considered himself as particularly commissioned to preach the gospel to the poor, whose cellars, garrets, hospitals, workhouses, and prisons were much more agreeable, as well as familiar, to him, than the splendid habitations of the great and opulent."

Barnard gives a long list of his friend's daily labours in the direct exercise of his priestly functions, and tells us that, when these duties were done, his remaining time was devoted to writing works, which followed one another in rapid succession.

In 1732, he published *The Grounds of the Catholic Doctrine ascertained in the Profession of Faith.* This was a new edition of one of Gother's works: and it has been reprinted frequently. Several short works followed, the chief of which was *The Young Gentleman instructed in the Grounds of the Catholic Religion* a book which gained a wide circulation. About this time, an unfinished work by Gother, *An Essay on the Change and Choice of Religion*, came into Dr. Challoner's hands; and in 1734 he published it under the title, *The Sincere Christian's Guide in the Change of Religion.*[1]

It was not to be expected, that so vigorous a controversialist should continue to write unmolested. The storm burst in 1737, on the publication of *The Catholic Christian instructed in the Sacraments, Sacrifice, Ceremonies, and Observances of the Church.* The book itself was a vindication of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church from the general misrepresentations of its adversaries: but the preface was devoted to repelling a special attack which had been lately made on the belief and practice of Catholics. The attack had been made in *A Letter from Rome showing the exact Conformity between Popery and Paganism; or, the Religion of the present Romans derived from that of their Heathen Ancestors.* It had been written by Dr. Conyers Middleton, a classical scholar of some repute, and had attained considerable success in a very short time. Dr. Challoner replied in a few brief pages, in which he not only convicts his opponent of bad faith and misrepresentation, but disposes effectually of his arguments, and concludes by showing that even if Dr. Middleton's contention were true, the "exact conformity between Popery and Paganism" would extend also to the Church of England. This preface is a masterpiece of delicate raillery. So effective was it at the time, that Dr. Middleton was satisfied with nothing less than the revenge of setting the law in motion against the opponent he was unable to refute. A chance allusion to the royal arms in the

[1] Gother's original manuscript, with a preface and alterations in Dr. Challoner's handwriting, is now at Oscott.

preface furnished him with a pretext to prosecute Dr. Challoner as a person disaffected to the king.

In the then existing state of affairs it would have been unwise in the extreme for a Catholic priest, even though innocent, to risk a trial; and so, unwillingly, but prudently, Dr. Challoner withdrew from London for a time, taking advantage of the opportunity to revisit Douay.

He found the college in an unsettled state. The President, the learned Dr. Witham, wished to resign his office, owing to ill-health, and the question of appointing his successor was under consideration. The name of Dr. Challoner, among others, was frequently mentioned in this connection. The President died, however, on May 29th, 1738, before the matter was settled. Immediately strenuous efforts were made by the superiors of the college to secure Dr. Challoner's appointment as the new President. In this they were supported by three of the Vicars-Apostolic in England, who saw the necessity of having the ablest man available at the head of the college, which provided so large a number of the priests on the English Mission. But opposition was made to this scheme by Bishop Petre, Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, who, being advanced in years, had asked for a coadjutor, and had determined that Dr. Challoner should be the man.

The matter was laid before Propaganda. The Douay superiors, the other Vicars-Apostolic in England, and the Cardinals of Propaganda, strongly urged on Bishop Petre the desirability of Dr. Challoner's being appointed President of Douay. But the Bishop remained firm, and even threatened to resign his Vicariate unless he were given as coadjutor the man of his choice.

The representations of Bishop Petre to Propaganda were successful: briefs were therefore issued in September, 1739, appointing Dr. Challoner Bishop of Debra *in partibus infidelium*, and coadjutor. The humble Doctor was alarmed, and represented that he had been a heretic, and that he was the son of heretical parents. But his desire to escape this uncoveted dignity was disappointed; and his action only delayed the inevitable.

Bishop Petre was well aware of the value of his new coadjutor, and, having won him in spite of the pressing claims of Douay, he did not intend to lose him through the Doctor's own humility. A dispensation was sought and obtained, and at length new briefs were issued in November, 1740. A decree of Propaganda, approved by the Pope on November 16th, granted permission to Bishop Petre to consecrate Dr. Challoner, with the assistance of two priests, on a week-day, as it was nearly impossible in those days for priests to leave their posts on Sundays or Holidays of Obligation. At that time, all the days on which bishops are now consecrated, such as the apostles' days, together with some other feasts, were observed as Holidays of Obligations, as they still are in Italy.

The consecration took place at Hammersmith on January 29th, 1741, the feast of the great Bishop and Doctor of the Church, St. Francis of Sales.

The first duty undertaken by the new Bishop was the visitation of the London District, which at this time consisted of the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Buckingham, Bedford, Berks, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Hants, and the Channel Islands. Large as this district was, it was far from comprising the entire extent of the Vicariate, for in those days the Vicar-Apostolic of London, in addition to his episcopal charge in this country, ruled as bishop over all the English colonies in America, including the immense territory which now constitutes the United States. The Vicars-Apostolic were represented in these colonies by a priest, who acted as their Vicar; and this arrangement continued until 1776, when, in the war which followed the Declaration of Independence, all communication between Bishop Challoner and his Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, was cut off. Shortly afterwards, the Catholics of America obtained an independent superior in the person of the illustrious Bishop Carroll.

From a report sent by Bishops Petre and Challoner to Rome, in 1746, we learn that the number of Catholics in their district was about 25,000, under the care of sixty priests. This report probably does not include priests

who were members of Religious Orders. The report states, that there had been no perceptible alteration as to numbers for the past thirty years. In 1773, towards the close of his episcopate, Dr. Challoner made another report to Propaganda, in which he gave the number of Catholics as 24,450, the number of missioners being 120, of whom only 55 were secular priests.[1]

The visitation of this flock, scattered over so large a district, devolved on Bishop Challoner; and, having regard to the difficulties of eighteenth-century travelling, we can realize that his journeys must have been apostolic in their hardships as well as in their missionary labours. In the Bishop's own eyes, the chief duty that his office demanded of him was that of preaching. This conviction he used often to repeat; and it was his regular custom to preach every Sunday, though he did so amidst the greatest difficulties. Bishop Milner recalls the sermons of Dr. Challoner preached in "a miserable and ruinous apartment hired for this purpose, near Clare Market." This was in 1756. Afterwards he had a room in Whetstone Park, which lies between Holborn and Lincoln's Inn Fields. For a short time he preached in the chapel at the Sardinian Embassy - the present church of SS. Anselm and Cecilia in Sardinia Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This was privileged as an ambassador's chapel: and both the Bishop and his congregation were safe from informers within its walls. But in a few weeks, the ambassador, at the instance of the Ministry, was compelled to forbid these English discourses in his chapel. Driven from this shelter, the good Bishop hired rooms in the Old Ship Inn, in Turnstile, Holborn. Here he preached every week, sitting at a table surrounded by his congregation; and in order to disguise the real nature of the meeting in case they were interrupted, every one present was furnished with a pipe and a pot of beer. By the expedient of removing a part of the flooring, the discourse could be heard in two rooms; so that a large number could attend the sermons.

[1] In 1767, a Parliamentary return gave the number of Catholics in England and Wales as 67,916.

It was, indeed, preaching the Word of God under difficulties. "But," says Bishop Milner, "to conceive the force and the unction with which he announced that sacred Word, or to form an idea of the fire which, through all the frost of age, then darted from his countenance, and animated his weak and emaciated frame, you must have seen him and heard him on those occasions; in short, he was quite a different man when seated in the Chair of Truth, and charged with the interest of his Divine Master, from what he was at every other time."

His celebration of the Divine Mysteries also had always been marked by the same fervour; and he said Mass daily, in spite of the difficulties which often attended the offering of the Holy Sacrifice in those days.

He took great delight in the Divine Office. Dr. Milner, speaking of his love of the Breviary, relates that on one occasion the Bishop hearing a priest congratulate himself on having finished his Office for the day, replied, with an emphasis that marked his sincerity: "I have that pleasure to come."

The opening year of Bishop Challoner's episcopate was marked by the publication of the first volume of his *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*: and the following year the second volume appeared. Since 1737 the Bishop had been occupied on this great work, which contains accounts of the martyrs who suffered between 1577 and 1684. The result of his labours was, the addition of a classic to our Catholic literature. It has been, since its first publication, the chief source from which Catholics have learned the history of the English martyrs. Particulars concerning the lives and deaths of the martyrs had always been carefully preserved, and there existed a considerable number of works and a great treasure of unpublished papers; but the former were for the most part in Latin, and the latter lay in the archives of Douay and other establishments abroad. Bishop Challoner, with the assistance of his friend Alban Butler at Douay, collected and copied documents from all sources; and

his published work is but a selection of the great mass of information he acquired.[1] Though of late years his work has been largely supplemented, it has never been supplanted, for it remains to this day the standard work on the subject.

While preparing the *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, Dr. Challoner was also engaged on another work, the name of which has become a household word wherever English-speaking Catholics are found. This was the well-known prayer-book, *The Garden of the Soul*. Until that time the laity had used two ancient prayer-books, the *Manual* and the *Primer* -both of which have now disappeared. *The Garden of the Soul* was published in 1740, the second edition appearing in 1741, and the third in 1743. It was the first of that large class of English prayer-books and manuals of devotion which has since arisen. It has passed through countless editions ; and it remains one of the most popular prayer books now in use.

No sooner were these two important works concluded, than the Bishop passed on to others ; for there was no such thing as rest in Dr. Challoner's life. In 1743, he published a doctrinal work, *The Grounds of the Old Religion*, which appeared modestly as "By a Convert." It passed through several editions, that of 1798 being enriched by Bishop Milner's Life of the author.

In 1745, appeared his largest work : *Britannia Sancta ; or the Lives of the most celebrated British, English, Scottish, and Irish Saints, who have flourished in these islands from the earliest times of Christianity down to the change of Religion in the 16th Century, Faithfully collected from their ancient Acts and other records of British History*. It has been said of this work, that it entitled its author to a place among the foremost Christian archæologists of his age. But Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, published in the same year, superseded Dr. Challoner's work ; so that it has never been reprinted, and is now rarely to be met with.

[1] The manuscripts thus collected for this work are preserved at Oscott.

In 1746, the Bishop found a new opening for his charity. The prisons were filled with the unfortunate men who had been taken prisoners the previous year in the unsuccessful rising of the Young Pretender. Bishop Challoner had been earnest in dissuading Catholics from marching northward to join the prince at Edinburgh, and consequently but few of his own flock were among the sufferers; but many Catholics from the north were lodged in the London gaols.

About this time, he brought out a new edition of Gother's works; for these still continued to be very popular. One of the best known of these writings was soon to be instrumental in gaining for Dr. Challoner a lifelong friend, and for Scotland one of her greatest bishops. This was George Hay, famous in later years as Bishop Hay of Edinburgh, but who was then a young surgeon, filled with so great a hatred of Catholicism, that he had taken a vow to do his utmost to extirpate "Popery" from Scotland. Gother's book, *The Papist Misrepresented and Represented*, fell, however, into his hands, with the result that he sought instruction, and was received into the Church. This conversion debarred him from practising his profession with any success in his native land; so he accepted an engagement as surgeon on board a trading-vessel chartered for the Mediterranean. Coming to London to complete his arrangements, he was introduced to Bishop Challoner, who soon discovered his virtue and ability. It is considered by Dr. Hay's biographer, that it was the influence of Bishop Challoner which led to his embracing the ecclesiastical state. Their acquaintance developed into intimate friendship in later years. A touching testimony to this, is the agreement they made, that on the death of either the one who survived should celebrate Mass for the soul of the deceased three times every week. Bishop Hay survived his friend for thirty years, and kept his compact as long as he was able to say Mass. Of the two prelates it has been written: "What the one did for England, the other did for Scotland."

During the early years of his episcopate, Dr. Challoner

was employed on another work of great importance, viz., a revised edition of the Rheims and Douay Version of the Holy Scriptures. "The language of this excellent work was now, in many places, become obsolete," says Bishop Milner, "and the text of the Vulgate, from which it was taken, had itself been corrected and restored by the care of that learned Pontiff, Clement VIII. What Dr. Challoner then undertook was to revise and correct the language and orthography of the said ancient version . . . to adopt the little improvements of the Clementine edition, and to add such notes as he judged necessary to clear up modern controversies, and to remove the principal difficulties that occur in perusing the sacred volume. This he executed with an expedition which nothing but his unexampled application renders credible."

In 1753, Dr. Challoner published his well-known work *Considerations upon Christian Truths and Christian duties digested into Meditations for every Day in the Year*—a book more familiarly known as Challoner's Meditations. This work, like the *Garden of the Soul*, has passed into the life of the Church in this country. It has been the standard book of meditations since its publication, and has passed through very many editions. Bishop Challoner's heart was wholly in this work; for he could never weary of urging the practice of mental prayer. He concludes the preface to it in these words: "This exercise is the true Christian philosophy, consisting in the search and love of true wisdom; even that wisdom which is so much extolled by the Spirit of God in Holy Writ, and which comes down from God and carries us up to God. This is the science of the Saints." Space does not allow us to mention all Bishop Challoner's works, which number nearly fifty. Of these many are now forgotten, some are rarely to be met with, while others are still standard works of doctrine or devotion. To understand his labours as author, we must consider not only the value of his writings in themselves, but their effect on later writers. He did more than write books himself—he influenced the work of others. The

author of the preface to the Edinburgh edition of the *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, published in 1878, expressed the opinion that Bishop Challoner may be said to have created our modern Catholic literature. During his Episcopate, he spared no effort to encourage the publication of spiritual works, whether original or translated, and although when he first came to England nearly all Catholic books were printed abroad and imported with difficulty, he had most of his own works printed and published in London itself. In this direction his influence and example did much.

In the year 1758, Bishop Petre closed a long and useful life, and Bishop Challoner succeeded him as Vicar-Apostolic of the London District. But it seemed as though his rule were destined to be short, for no sooner had he taken over the government of his Vicariate than he fell ill, and for some time lay at death's door. He was now sixty-seven years old, and on his recovery, feeling that the care of so large a district was too much for his unaided strength, he obtained the appointment of the Hon. James Talbot, brother of the then Earl of Shrewsbury, as his coadjutor, with right of succession. This prelate was a man after Dr. Challoner's own heart, and was generally known as "the good Bishop Talbot." His consecration took place on August 24th, 1759.

No sooner was the Bishop in some degree recovered from his illness — which proved but the first of three severe attacks — than he was again at work, preaching, writing, governing his district as before. We get from Barnard an interesting account of his day's work — of the manner of life he continued until the day when he was struck down by his last illness in his ninetieth year. Summer and winter he rose at six o'clock, and spent an hour in meditation, after which he offered the Holy Sacrifice at eight. At nine he breakfasted, and then, having said the little hours of his Office, he attended to business until one o'clock. "When tired with writing he would take a few turns backward and forward in his apartments, then take some pious book to read, say some

prayers, or, sitting in his chair, contemplate on some pious subject, and then return again to his writing. At one o'clock he used to say the evening part of the Divine Office, which finished, he used either to say some vocal prayers or else employ himself in meditation until two, when, with his chaplains, he sat down to dinner, at which time he unbent a little his mind from that close application, and was always very cheerful and agreeable, discoursing with them upon different subjects, and endeavouring to inspire them likewise with a spirit of Christian cheerfulness." Dinner being over, he remained in conversation for half an hour, and then walked out to pay visits, or to take such exercise as he required. Between five and six o'clock he returned to resume his business or writing. Later in the evening he said his Office, and shortly after supper he retired.

To these particulars we may add the following account by Charles Butler, who knew him well. "His visits among his flock were not unfrequent, and generally made at the time of tea, but he carried piety and recollection with him wherever he went, and diffused them among all that were present. He was very cheerful, and the cause of cheerfulness in others, but he stopped very short of mirth. He was always serene, affable, unaffected, prudent, and charitable, never said anything which tended, even remotely, to his own advantage; he always listened with modest attention, and interrupted no one unless the glory of his God or the defence of his neighbour made it necessary."

Thus thoroughly was the Bishop's life given up to the service of God. He kept back nothing for himself, and, being a man of prayer, he was a man of mortification. His style of living was of the poorest, while his charities were great. Bishop Milner records that "whilst he himself lived in that poor and humble style in which we have all beheld him, barely allowing himself the indispensable necessaries of life, through his hands flowed an inexhaustible stream of bounty to the necessitous of different descriptions." Charles Butler adds that the poor thronged to his house at all hours, and

trespassed most unmercifully on his time, but that they were always kindly received, and, when it was in his power, always relieved. In order to have the more to give, he even deprived himself of a house that he might have called his own, and lived in lodgings with a private family. For some time he lived thus in Great Conduit Street, until the house was bought over his head by an informer, eager to earn the one hundred pounds reward offered by the Statute of William III. to any one who prosecuted to conviction a Catholic priest for exercising his functions within the realm. Time after time he had to change his dwelling and live under an assumed name, and this at an age when the most unselfish of men may look for some consideration and repose. At one period he lived under the name of Fisher in Red Lion Street, Holborn; also for a time he was known by his mother's maiden name, Willard. After the Relief Act of 1778, he was able to live more quietly; and the latter years of his life were spent at a house in Gloucester Street.

But amid all his personal dangers he continued to labour intrepidly for the good of the Church. In 1760, he succeeded in establishing a school for girls in spite of penal laws and the difficulties surrounding such an undertaking in those times. Labours in the cause of education were no new thing to him. While still coadjutor to Bishop Petre, Dr. Challoner had been instrumental in reviving Twyford School for boys at Standon Lordships, Hertfordshire, in 1753. This school was the predecessor of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall. Soon after he became Vicar Apostolic, Dr. Challoner had felt the need of a school for boys of a different class from those received at Standon Lordships, and after two attempts, first in Buckinghamshire and then in Wales, a school was opened in January, 1762, at Betley, in Staffordshire, by Dr. Challoner's friend, Rev. William Errington. Opposition was offered to this undertaking by some of the Catholic aristocracy, who endeavoured to dissuade the Bishop from carrying it out; but he replied, that, whether they patronized it or not, it should be undertaken, and moreover, that the blessing of God

would be upon it, and that it would prosper. Dr. Challoner's prophecy proved true. In 1763, the school at Betley was removed to Sedgley Park, where for over a hundred years it flourished, educating nearly all the clergy of the Midlands. And though this far-famed school no longer exists, Dr. Challoner's foundation still survives in St. Wilfrid's College, Cotton, which is the successor of Sedgley Park School, and heir of its traditions and renown.

For many years the precarious maintenance of these schools was a source of continual anxiety to Dr. Challoner. He had to contend, not only with the difficulties necessarily attending their foundation, but also with the terrors of the law; for by statutes that were still unrepealed the Catholic who kept a school without license of the Anglican bishop of the diocese, was liable to imprisonment for a year and a fine of forty shillings a day; while by a later statute all Catholics convicted of educating youth were to be imprisoned for life. The danger of these laws being enforced was much increased at this time by the activity of certain common informers, eager to gain the rewards offered by law for the conviction of Catholic priests. One of the most prominent of these was a man named Payne, who was also known as "The Protestant Carpenter." About the year 1765, he commenced a harassing persecution of Catholics, which received no check for nearly thirteen years. His procedure was simplicity itself. By dint of feigning a desire for instruction, he not only gained access to several London chapels, where he soon became familiar with the names and appearance of many priests, but he even contrived to obtain interviews with the Bishop himself. For some months he worked warily, tracking priests from their obscure chapels to their obscurer homes, and marking his victims. When all was ready, he went boldly before the Lord Mayor, and applied for warrants of arrest. These, to his surprise, were refused, for the Lord Mayor was acquainted with several Catholics, and, perceiving Payne's true aims, discountenanced his unjust proceedings. At the same time,

having regard to the state of the law, the Mayor secretly advised the Catholics to come to some arrangement with the informer. Payne accordingly reaped the first reward of his labours. Encouraged by this, he next proceeded to indict several priests at the Old Bailey, with the result that he was sufficiently successful to make it worth his while to persevere in his efforts. What this untiring persecution meant to the afflicted Catholics it is now difficult to realize. Priests were arrested at the altar, imprisoned in default of bail, placed in the dock as criminals, and harassed with the anxiety of prolonged trials. One priest, Rev. John Baptist Moloney, was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life, for which conviction Payne received one hundred pounds reward. Dr. Challoner's coadjutor, "the good Bishop Talbot," was tried, but was acquitted, as the counsel for the prosecution failed to prove the charge. Chapels were closed for fear of informers, the faithful were dispersed without Mass or Sacraments, and the aged Bishop was compelled, not only helplessly to watch the havoc, but even constantly to hide and fly from pursuit. Relief came at length. Spurred on by his success in Moloney's case, Payne aimed still higher, and indicted Bishop Challoner himself, with four priests and a schoolmaster, at the Old Bailey. But in the preparation of his case he overstepped himself; for, desiring to evade the payment of some fees, he avoided this expense by the economical process of forging the subpœnas he required. These subpœnas, coming in the usual course into the hands of Dr. Challoner's lawyers, were at once detected as forgeries, and Payne, now at the mercy of his own victims, was glad to purchase his own safety at the price of abandoning his pursuit.

Shortly afterwards, relief came in a more lasting way. The Government difficulties that arose from the American War had led to a measure of toleration for Catholics in Ireland. This prepared the way for the relief of the English Catholics. Their cause was taken up by such noble minded men as Lord Mansfield and Sir George Savile; and in 1778, the first Catholic Relief Act passed

both Houses of Parliament. The measure of relief granted, though not great, was considerable. Catholic Englishmen could once more inherit land; and priests were no longer subject to perpetual imprisonment for exercising their sacred ministry in these islands. Catholics still remained liable to the other penalties and disabilities of the penal laws, and of these they were not finally relieved until long afterwards. Even so small a measure of justice, however, was burdened with an oath. After serious deliberation and prayer, Bishop Challoner sanctioned the form of oath required, and it was immediately taken by large numbers of Catholics in the courts at Westminster.

The passing of this Act was a great consolation to the venerable Bishop, who at length saw his clergy able to live unmolested. He himself was now eighty-eight years old, and might hope to spend his remaining days in peace. But even this was denied him: the end of his life was spent, as his whole career had been, amid troubles and persecution.

All the latent bigotry in the country was called into activity by the passing of the Catholic Relief Act. A society calling itself "The Protestant Association" was formed, meetings were held, the worst passions of the people were roused by intemperate harangues, while the press poured forth books and pamphlets denouncing the Catholics, their supporters, and even the King and Parliament. For two years the agitation proceeded, slowly gathering to a head, until in 1780 the storm burst. The sectaries had found a leader in the crazy fanatic, Lord George Gordon. By an advertisement in the newspapers, he summoned forty thousand men to meet in St. George's Fields on the 2nd of June. With this body were associated all the bad characters in London, who saw in the movement an opportunity for plunder and riot. The object of this meeting was to present to the Houses of Parliament the monster petition against Catholics that had been in preparation for some weeks. The movement speedily passed beyond all control, and for six days London was at the mercy of a

frenzied mob. The history of this outbreak, interesting as it is, does not here concern us so much as the movements of Bishop Challoner during this Reign of Terror.[1]

Doubtless he had heard of the proceedings of the rioters at the House of Commons on the afternoon of Friday, June 2nd; while the brutal treatment received by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Lincoln made it clear, that little mercy would be shown to any Catholic prelate who might fall into their hands. But he seems to have apprehended no immediate danger, for he had already retired for the night when the tidings were brought to his house that the rioters had set fire to the Sardinian ambassador's chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and that they intended to proceed to his lodgings to seize his person and burn the house.

It was now eleven o'clock. The Bishop's chaplains, losing no time, roused him from his sleep, and without informing him fully of the attacks on the chapels at the Sardinian and Bavarian Embassies, urged him to seek refuge in the house of a friend. The Bishop, with his usual confidence in the protection of God, for a long time refused. But at length he gave way to their entreaties, and stayed the night in the place of refuge his friends provided. That they did not exaggerate the danger is seen from Bishop Milner's account of the rioters' plan. "It is known to have been their intention to have chaired him in derision and thus to carry about, in a kind of mock triumph, this peaceable and venerable old man upon their frantic expeditions. How this barbarous ceremony was to have ended, God only knows." It is stated that many had sworn to roast him alive, and that during the course of the night a mob filled the street where he lived, searching for his dwelling, while their tumult and shouts for him to come forth could be heard from the house in which he lay hidden spending the night on his knees in prayer.

Next day, advantage was taken of a lull in the storm to remove the Bishop to the house of his friend, Mr.

[1] A vivid account of the Gordon Riots by Mr. Lionel Johnson is published in the series of *Historical Papers*, C.T.S., price 1d.

Mawhood, at Finchley. Here he remained for three days, "almost uninterruptedly occupied in prayer, offering himself to suffer whatsoever the Divine Providence should be pleased to ordain, recommending his flock to the mercy and protection of the Almighty." Each evening he heard from Mr. Mawhood accounts of the outrages proceeding in London. On the Monday night the news came, that the mob had attacked Mr. Mawhood's town house, but had been prevailed on to leave it uninjured. The chapels in Virginia Lane, Wapping, and at East Smithfield were destroyed; the schools at Moorfields were burned, the chapel having been sacked on the previous day. On the Tuesday, accounts were worse; the civil authorities were paralyzed, and the mob held the town. It must have been a special grief to the Bishop, to learn that Lord Mansfield and Sir George Savile had suffered for their generosity to the Catholics by the destruction of their houses. Moreover, his host was now in great danger of losing his entire property, for the rioters had that day returned to his town house, threatening to burn it with all his property, worth several thousands of pounds, and announcing their intention to destroy his house in the country. Once more, however, his generosity to the Bishop won for him his reward, for the rioters again departed without carrying out their threats. But it became evident, that the Bishop was no longer safe at Finchley. On Wednesday it was arranged, that he should seek refuge in another house more distant from London. The time of his departure was fixed for half-past one. The coach was waiting at the door, but the Bishop remained in his own apartment absorbed in prayer. An hour passed away amid the anxiety of the family, who feared for their guest's safety if he delayed longer. At length Dr. Challoner appeared, but instead of going into the coach, he went into the parlour, where, seating himself, after a few moment's pause, he told his friends that "he who dwells in the help of the Most High shall abide under the protection of the God of Heaven; that whosoever is under His protection is equally safe in every place; that consequently he was

as safe where he was as he should be in any other place; that therefore he had changed his mind and would not depart; and that the master of the house might lay aside his fears; for he was certain that no harm would happen either to his country house or to his town house."

The Bishop's resolute manner and the authority of his office and personal sanctity prevailed. In spite of the danger Mr. Mawhood consented to return to London, to see how things were proceeding. His heart must have been heavy, when he arrived and saw how little likelihood there was of the Bishop's prediction being fulfilled. The riots were at their height. London was in flames in thirty-six different places. The prisons had been thrown open; and the criminals had been let loose to join in the scenes of plunder, and to rob shops and passers-by without interference.

In Holborn, Mr. Langdale's distillery was ablaze; and drunken rioters, struggling for drink, were being consumed in the flames. At length, the King, finding his magistrates would not act, took the matter into his own hands. A proclamation was issued, and troops were called out. Then followed scenes of bloodshed, as the rioters were repulsed. Mr. Mawhood returned to Finchley, leaving his town house with the expectation that he should never more see it standing. But the truth of the Bishop's words was soon to be proved. As Mr. Mawhood returned home, he met a body of soldiers marching to London. He addressed the officer in command, who undertook to protect his house in the city. After one more night of suspense at Finchley, the news came on Thursday morning, that the riots were at an end.

A few days later, Dr. Challoner returned to London. The task before him might well have dismayed a younger man, but he set patiently to work to repair the damage done in his district, to rebuild what had been overthrown, and to restore confidence among his panic stricken flock. Some had been reduced to great distress by the sudden destruction of all their property; others had fled from their houses, carrying with them such valuables as they

could hastily collect, and, unable to find shelter, had become wanderers in the roads and fields, exposed to the attacks of footpads and rioters. Even after the lapse of many years, Catholics who could remember the riots, were unable to recall without terror those horrible scenes.

The Bishop spared no pains to console and reassure the sufferers. Confidence slowly returned; and after a time compensation was granted to those whose houses and property had been destroyed. But Dr. Challoner's deepest anxiety at this time was for the spiritual needs of his flock. Chapels and schools had been wrecked; vestments, altar furniture, and all the requirements for the services of the Church had been burnt. It was difficult to assemble the people for Mass and the administration of the Sacraments. He himself, for the first time during his episcopate, found himself unable to preach to his people, as his chapel was in ruins a deprivation which he, with his zeal for this special office of a bishop, felt keenly. It became necessary to begin all over again the work of providing for the religious needs of his flock in several parts of London.

These labours, added to the anxiety and grief he had suffered during the riots, could not fail to prey on the spirits of a man nearly ninety years of age; yet, in the midst of his troubles, he was the first to set an example of resignation and confidence in God. Throughout life he had learnt to bear sorrows and contradictions with a meek calmness. But now a deeper peace seemed to fall upon him, as the prospect of a speedy release from his cares opened before him. We are told, that in the latter part of the year, during the conferences with his clergy, which he had instituted some years before, he dwelt much on the subject of death, intimating "that his own dissolution was at hand, and lamenting that he had not served God better."

Yet there was no visible failing in his health. The New Year of 1781 came, and though it was to bring for him the holy death for which his life had been a long preparation, he was still working for the interests of God.

But on January 10th, as he was sitting at dinner with his chaplains, his right hand suddenly fell from the table. With difficulty he muttered the word "Palsy," and then, indicating the pocket which contained his money, he said, "Charity." It was his last spoken word. Paralysis had seized his right side, and for two days he lingered, deprived of speech, though giving mute signs that he retained his other faculties. The last Sacraments were administered, and from that time to the end he remained absorbed in prayer; and "in this holy union without any struggle, his pious soul passed to a blessed eternity, between the hours of twelve and one on Friday, January 12th, being then in the ninetieth year of his age, the fiftieth of his missionary labours, and fortieth of his episcopacy."[1]

As to the death of Bishop Challoner, we can only repeat his own words: "With what willingness does such a Christian as this leave this world! What peace and tranquillity does he find in his soul from the testimony of a good conscience! How joyfully does he throw himself into the arms of his tender Father, who, he is well assured, will never reject his loving children, who cast their whole care upon him" (*Meditations*, July 9th).

During his life, Dr. Challoner had expressed a desire, shared by most Catholics in those days, to be buried in the cemetery of St. James at Winchester, which had remained since the days of the Reformation in Catholic hands, and where Catholics could be buried with the rites of the Church—which at that time was impossible elsewhere. But in consequence of difficulties, Bishop Talbot thought it prudent to grant the request of a Catholic gentleman, Mr. Brian Barret, who wished to bury the body in his family vault at the village of Milton, near Abingdon.

Accordingly, after the last offices of the Church had been performed by his sorrowing flock in London, the Bishop's remains were removed to the country church yard where they now lie. To fulfil the requirements of the law at that time, the funeral service of the Church of

[1] Milner.

England was read over them by the vicar of the parish, who thus recorded the burial in his register: "Anno Domini 1781, January 22nd; Buried the Reverend Dr. Richard Challoner, a Popish priest and titular Bishop of London and Salisbury, a very pious and good man, of great learning and extensive abilities."

Speaking of Dr. Challoner's personal appearance, Barnard describes him as being "about five feet ten inches high, of a fair complexion, sharp penetrating eye, serene and engaging countenance, having piety and devotion expressed in the very lineaments of his face, but emaciated by application to study and self-denial."

With the death of Bishop Challoner, an epoch closed in the history of the Church in England. Increased toleration and the gradual repeal of the penal laws brought Catholics face to face with a new state of things. New needs and new trials arose. Dr. Challoner's life had been passed in days of difficulty; but he was spared the days of danger that were to come. Yet the work he had accomplished remained as a power for good when his presence had been withdrawn, and his influence over his priests and people was a guiding principle to them in the struggle they were soon compelled to make for the liberties of the Church. In no instance is this so strongly marked, as in the life of the great Bishop who was raised up to pilot the Church through the troubled times that followed.

Milner, as a child, had been brought up under Bishop Challoner's eye, and was one of the earliest pupils of the school at Sedgley Park. Later on, he spent the first years of his priesthood under Bishop Challoner in London. The affection and veneration in which he held the gentle Bishop appears again and again in his writings; and the first of all the works with which Milner enriched Catholic literature was the funeral discourse he preached at Winchester two days after Dr. Challoner's death. In this he bears moving testimony to the extent to which his life and character had been influenced by the venerable prelate: "I have lost the model to which I looked up for my own conduct in the ecclesiastical state, the

counsellor on whose lights I depended for guidance amidst the doubts and difficulties incident to it, the friend and benefactor from whom I expected that protection and assistance in future occurrences which I had experienced in the past. For if I have had the advantage of receiving early impressions of piety, of such importance to my own salvation, or if in my sacred character I can have the happiness of contributing in any degree to that of others, it is to the ever-respected deceased I am indebted for these invaluable benefits."

And in the same discourse he sums up in one sentence the character of Bishop Challoner, as he estimated it after so intimate an acquaintance: "When on every occasion I represent Bishop Challoner as a saint, I say no more of him now after his death, than all who knew him have said of him during his life."

ROME AND THE BIBLE.[1]

BY THE REV. T. DONNELLY, S.J.

Introduction.

A PAMPHLET entitled *The Claims of Rome*, by Samuel Smith, M.P., is being largely circulated in this our city of Liverpool, as well as in his own constituency in North Wales. On reading this pamphlet, we began to realize more vividly than hitherto how difficult it is to kill the great Protestant Tradition. Though we have much to say, it is so hard to get a hearing in order to refute the Protestant Tradition. Here we have a man who has uplifted his voice in behalf of the oppressed and the downtrodden, a man who has a conscience which he is not afraid or ashamed to obey, a man who deserves credit for his manly denouncement of the religious indifferentism of the day, a man who has most generously opened his purse in behalf of the suffering, a man whose well-known philanthropy carried him triumphantly into Parliament in 1882, suddenly coming forth and flinging down in the arena of political strife, and amidst a people already bitterly prejudiced against the Catholic Church, a number of statements and accusations that cannot be stigmatized by a milder name than calumnies.

We do not accuse Mr. Samuel Smith of wilfully, deliberately and with eyes wide open uttering what he

[1] The substance of Sermons preached at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, January, 1897.

knew to be false. His pamphlet clearly shows that he, not the Catholics, has a profound ignorance of the historical facts mentioned in the pamphlet. We were not surprised at this when we turned to the Appendix and saw the names of authorities such as Mr. Charles Hastings Collette, the Monthly Letter of the Protestant Alliance, and Janus. That he, and those who think with him, may know more clearly the value of the support upon which he is resting, may we venture to ask him and them to read a penny pamphlet by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith on *Mr. Collette as a Historian*, published by the Catholic Truth Society. In this pamphlet of sixteen pages Mr. Collette is shown to be guilty of thirty-one deviations from truth. A similar pamphlet by Mr. F. W. Lewis, on *Mr. Collette as a Controversialist*, exposes the methods of the Protestant Alliance. As to Miss Ellen Golding, Mr. Smith apparently does not know that she has disappeared from Protestant platforms ; if he wishes to read a full account of her, he will find it in Father Smith's pamphlet on *Ellen Golding, the Rescued Nun* (C.T.S., 1d.). These three pamphlets throw much light upon the methods of certain Protestant agitators, as well as on the tortuous ways of the Protestant Alliance.

The Church and the Bible.

On the present occasion I propose to deal only with that part of Mr. Samuel Smith's pamphlet which deals with the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the Bible.

Two assertions stand out prominently in this portion of the onslaught made by Mr. Samuel Smith upon the Roman Church and its Supreme Head, the Pope.

First, " Wherever Rome has had undisputed sway, she has kept the Bible from the laity." In proof of this statement we are told how difficult it was for friends of Mr. Smith to smuggle Bibles into Rome ; how, on the seizure of Rome by the Italians, the first wheel carriage contained a consignment of Bibles (presumably the first ever seen in Rome) ; how Lasserre's French translation of the Gospels, after Papal approbation, was placed upon

the Index and its sale prohibited; and how finally Pius IX. admonished the bishops to labour that the faithful may fly with horror from this poisonous reading.

Second, "Nothing is more certain than that in every country where Rome is supreme the circulation of the Scriptures is forbidden." In proof of this we are reminded of what took place not many years ago in Italy, Spain, and Austria; we are referred in the Appendix to the Fourth Rule of the Index; and we are told the opinions of Cardinals Bellarmine, Wiseman, &c.

In answer to the first statement, "that wherever Rome has had undisputed sway she has kept the Bible from the laity," it must be remembered that Rome's ecclesiastical power over Western Christendom at least was recognized up to the sixteenth century. Men might argue and quarrel as to who was the lawful Pope during the Great Schism; but the great central fact stands out all the more prominently because of the Schism, that the Pope was the chief ecclesiastical ruler of Christendom. It was not until A.D. 1229 that the first authoritative restriction on Bible reading was passed by a Council held at Toulouse to receive the submission of Count Raymond, to suppress the growing heresy and prevent its further spread. Inasmuch as these heretics, who revolted against all authority, mutilated the Bible in order to propagate their errors, the Council of Toulouse forbade the possession by laymen of the Sacred Books, especially in the vernacular.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century the Lollard cry in England was, "An open Bible for all!" meaning by an open Bible the incorrect and mischievous translation attributed to Wyclif, in which text and notes alike were made the instruments of an attack on all lawful authority. Thus we find that it was the perversion of Holy Scripture which rendered the prohibition of unauthorized translations of Holy Scripture absolutely necessary. Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the Council of Oxford, 1406, after noticing the difficulties and dangers of translating the Word of God, ordained that no one should on his own authority

translate into English any portion of Holy Scripture by way of book, or pamphlet, or treatise; nor should any such book, pamphlet, or treatise, lately composed in the time of John Wyclif, or since, or which shall hereafter be composed, be read in whole or in part, publicly or in private, under pain of the greater excommunication, until such translation be approved by the Diocesan or by a Provincial Council. In spite of enactments the evil spread, and when England broke off from union with Rome the Bible was seized upon as the standard of revolt.

The right of private judgment having been proclaimed, text after text was torn from its context and used to prove the truth of any particular doctrine that made an impression on the reader. Calvinists and Lutherans, Presbyterians and Anabaptists, as well as the Anglicans, found in the pages of Holy Scripture a rich mine from which to dig any fanciful doctrine. In fact, to-day as in the past, no two Protestants agree as to the meaning of the Bible.

Dreading evils such as these, the Catholic Church judged it necessary at certain times, when men's minds were disturbed by erroneous teaching, to safeguard the Word of God, ever held by her in the utmost reverence, with various restrictions.

The Bible before Luther.

There used to be a story common amongst Protestants that Luther discovered the Latin Bible about 1507; that he was the first to translate it into German; that other "reformers" followed his example and made the first translations of the Bible into the languages of their countries, and that then for the first time the people came to know the Bible, for up to that date the Catholic Church had kept the Bible away from them- or, in other words, "wherever Rome has had undisputed sway she has kept the Bible from the laity." All this is untrue. The *Church Times*, July 26, 1878, says: "This catalogue of Bibles [in the Caxton Exhibition at South Kensington, 1877] will be very useful for one thing, at

any rate, as disproving the popular lie about Luther finding the Bible for the first time at Erfurt about 1507. Not only are there very many editions of the Latin Vulgate (*i.e.*, the Bible in Latin, the very thing Luther is said to have discovered), but there are actually nine German editions of the Bible in the Caxton Exhibition earlier than 1483, the year of Luther's birth, and at least three more before the end of the century."

Let us now see what Bibles the Catholic Church had printed before any Protestant Bibles appeared. We ought to remember that in those days most who could read read Latin, and even preferred a Latin Bible to one in their own language. Before Luther's pretended discovery the Catholic Church had printed over a hundred editions of the Latin Bible, each containing, according to Janssen, one thousand copies, although the art of printing with movable types dated only from 1441. In German there were twenty-seven editions, before Luther's Bible appeared. In Italian there were over forty editions of the Bible before the first Protestant edition appeared. There were two in Spain by 1515, one with the express permission of the Spanish Inquisition. In French there were eighteen editions by 1547, the first Protestant version appearing in 1535. Although no Catholic version of the English Bible appeared in print until some time after the publication of such versions in other countries, it is clear from the testimony of Sir Thomas More, quoted in the next paragraph, that no prohibition of vernacular versions had been issued by the ecclesiastical authorities in this country, and that many manuscript copies of the same had been freely circulated subsequent to, as well as long before, the time of Wyclif.

The Bible in the Middle Ages.

As many Protestant writers and lecturers are repeatedly asserting that the earlier Bible of Wyclif was prohibited by the Church authorities in England simply on account of their general hostility to the Word of God in the vernacular, it may be well to quote the remarks of a

Protestant writer, the Rev. E. Cutts, D.D., in a work already quoted: "There is a good deal of popular misapprehension," says he, "about the way in which the Bible was regarded in the Middle Ages. Some people think that it was very little read, even by the clergy; whereas the fact is that the sermons of the mediæval preachers are more full of Scriptural quotations and allusions than any sermons in these days; and the writers on other subjects are so full of Scriptural allusion that it is evident their minds were saturated with Scriptural diction. . . . Another common error is that the clergy were unwilling that the laity should read the Bible for themselves, and carefully kept it in an unknown tongue that the people might not be able to read it. The truth is that most people who could read at all could read Latin, and would certainly prefer to read the authorized Vulgate to any vernacular version. But it is also true that translations into the vernacular were made. . . . We have the authority of Sir Thomas More for saying that 'the whole Bible was, long before Wyclif's days, by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read.' . . . Again, on another occasion he says: 'The clergy keep no Bibles from the laity but such translations as be either not yet approved for good or such as be already reproved for naught (bad), as Wyclif's was. For as for old ones that were before Wyclif's days, they remain lawful, and be in some folk's hands.'"[1] Surely such testimony as this, coming from the pen of one who for his transcendent ability was raised to the post of Lord Chancellor of England, ought to convince Mr. Samuel Smith of the mistake he has made in asserting that "Wherever Rome has had undisputed sway she has kept the Bible from the laity."

I purposely quote non-Catholic writers in refutation of this astounding statement, as they are less liable to be suspected of partiality for Roman Catholic doctrine and practices. Dean Hook[2] says: "It was not from hostility

[1] *Turning Points of English Church History*, pp. 200–201.
[2] *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, vol. iii. p. 83.

to a translated Bible, considered abstractedly, that the conduct of Wyclif in translating it was condemned. Long before his time there had been translators of Holy Writ. There is no reason to suppose that any objection would have been offered to the circulation of the Bible if the object of the translator had only been the edification and sanctification of the reader. It was not till the designs of the Lollards were discovered that Wyclif's version was proscribed." Then, on p. 94, he proceeds: "When we speak of them (the Lollards) as martyrs, we ought to regard them as political martyrs rather than religious. They made religion their plea in order to swell the number of the discontented; but their actions tended to a revolution in the State as well as in the Church. . . . Both parties regarded their principles as subversive of all order, in things temporal as well as in things spiritual." Writing in the *Academy* of August 7, 1886, Mr. Karl Pearson says: "The Catholic Church has quite enough to answer for . . . but in the fifteenth century *it certainly did not hold back the Bible from the folk;* and it gave them in the vernacular a long series of devotional works which for language and religious sentiment have never been surpassed. *Indeed, we are inclined to think it made a mistake in allowing the masses such ready access to the Bible.* It ought to have recognized the Bible once for all as a work absolutely unintelligible without a long course of historical study; and so far as it was supposed to be inspired, very dangerous in the hands of the ignorant." The *Quarterly Review*, October, 1879, says: "The notion that people in the Middle Ages did not read their Bibles is probably exploded, *except among the more ignorant of controversialists. . . . The notion is not simply a mistake . . . it is one of the most ludicrous and grotesque blunders.*"

The Monks and the Sacred Scriptures.

We know, too, that it was the chief occupation of the monks to study the Bible and multiply copies of it. Thousands of copies must have been made in England

alone before the invention of printing, and these naturally fell into the hands of those who could read, like the clergy, the nuns, and, as we know from Sir Thomas More, the learned laity. But as the greater number of the laity could not read, how were they taught the Bible? They were taught by the clergy and the monks, who used as means of instruction paintings and stained-glass windows illustrating the events and lessons of the Bible; poetry, in the hymns which embodied Bible history and teaching; music, to which they set words from the Bible; the stage, by sacred representations of scenes from the Old and the New Testament, and the ceremonial of the services of the Church, in which, as the year went round, were presented, sometimes in almost dramatic form, the principal events of the life of Christ, and the history of God's dealings with man. In those days, as said the Catholic Synod of Bishops at Arras in 1203, "painting was the book of the ignorant, who could read no other." And for this reason in Catholic countries the walls of churches, of monasteries, of cemeteries, of cloisters are covered with paintings representing scenes from the Old and New Testament. In England up to the "Reformation" the Catholic Church used all these ways to teach the people the Bible "In this country," writes Mr. Henry Morley, in his *First Sketch of English Literature*, "the taste for miracle plays was blended with the old desire to diffuse as far as possible a knowledge of religious truth; and therefore the sets of miracle plays acted by our town-guilds placed in the streets, as completely as might be, a living picture-Bible before the eyes of all the people." In Germany there was a celebrated set of forty or fifty pictures of Bible subjects so popular and so much used that it was known as "The Bible of the Poor" (*Biblia Pauperum*).

Thus, before the "Reformation," not only were there plenty of Bibles for those who could read, but the Roman Catholic Church made use of every means at her disposal to teach the Bible to those who could not read.

Did space allow, it would be easy to show that the general drift of the teaching of the Fathers of the Church

on this subject was an earnest exhortation to more frequent meditation on Holy Scripture, whilst at the same time they warn the faithful against the misuse of the Word of God by heretics, who read the Scripture without penetrating its meaning, because they do not read it aright. For twelve hundred years all the influence of the Church was exerted in favour of a wider spread of the Holy Scripture and a more familiar acquaintance with its Scripture Text by clergy and laity alike. Even after the invention of printing, when a general diffusion of Bibles in the vernacular first became possible, no check or hindrance was put upon it by authority, so long as the translations used were really a version, not a perversion, of Holy Scripture, and were not interlarded with heretical or offensive annotations.

Unfortunately, in the "Reformation" days, the Word of God was turned into an instrument for the use of heresy. As in foreign countries, so too in England, the translations were falsified in meaning, and the sweet milk of Christian doctrine turned to poison. In Tyndale's translation, flavoured with the errors of Lollardism, Our Lord is made to say in St. Matt. xvi. 18: "On this rock I will build My congregation." The word "idols" is translated "images." In St. John v. 21, the Apostle warns the early Christians: "Babes keep yourselves from images." The Apostolic "traditions" on which St. Paul lays stress (2 Thess. ii. 15, iii. 6) are turned into "ordinances," and so on. It was the necessity of preserving the purity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and defending it from perversion and misuse by heretics, and safeguarding the Faith of her children, that induced the Church to issue a series of Decrees, Encyclicals, and Briefs, all of which are aimed, not against the reading of the Word of God, but either against those whose object it was to find therein what suited their heretical purpose, and who ingeniously twisted the meaning of the Holy Scripture, or against any interpretation of it in a sense contrary to the teaching of the Church and the unanimous consent of the Fathers, doctors, and theologians.

The Circulation of the Bible.

So far we have dealt with the astounding assertion that wherever Rome has had undisputed sway, she has kept the Bible from the laity, and shown, chiefly from non-Catholic authorities, that the assertion is not only void of foundation, but contrary to fact. There is a second assertion made by Mr. Smith, and generally accepted by Protestants, which we shall prove to be as devoid of foundation and contrary to fact as the first. It runs as follows: "Nothing is more certain than that in every country where Rome is supreme the circulation of the Scriptures is forbidden."

This is indeed a very sweeping statement—a statement of the truth of which Mr. Smith is so convinced that he does not hesitate to say that there is "nothing" (not even, therefore, the existence of God or the Divinity of Jesus Christ) more certain than that the Roman Church forbids the circulation of the Scriptures. This statement is so positive and definite and precise that many a man will at once accept it, not believing that a man of Mr. Samuel Smith's position, and eminence, and straightforwardness, and rectitude would care to have his name linked with slander and calumny. It is another proof, if proof were wanted, of how the man must fare who ventures to intrude into a domain of which he has no knowledge.

In the fields of science each man sticks to his own special line, acknowledging his ignorance of other branches into the mysteries of which he has not been initiated; but in the realm of theology the most ignorant and the novice deem themselves the equals of the learned and the veteran. Mr. Samuel Smith has been led astray by his so-called authorities, who but too often have wilfully poisoned the springs and sources of historical inquiry.

As we have seen, for twelve hundred years the Roman Church, through her pastors and her doctors, praised and recommended the reading of Holy Scripture, striving by every means in her power, in those days when the art

of printing had not been discovered, to multiply copies of the Holy Scriptures; using the books of Holy Writ in the compilation of her prayer-books and books of devotion; by the arts of painting and music bringing the Scripture history down to the level of the unlearned, who knew not how to read; by scenic representations on the stage making the characters of the Old and New Testament live indelibly impressed on the souls of the spectators, bringing back, as does the Ober-Ammergau play, in a most vivid and realistic manner the grand drama of the world's history and showing how it all culminates in the awful tragedy on Mount Calvary. True it is that when the Albigenses made a new translation of the Bible and explained it in their own sense to show that the visible world was created by an evil god, who was also the author of the Old Testament; that the Body of Christ was not real; and that sins committed after baptism could not be forgiven, the Church stepped in and forbade, not the circulation of the Scriptures, but the circulation of this new translation which they explained so as to suit their heretical views.

From the very beginning of the Church there have been countless translations of the Holy Scriptures. In these latter days the process is ever going on. Translations differ very much from each other, even in the same language, and what is more important, they differ very much in passages of the highest moment. If this be so they cannot all be the sense as it was given at first by God in the original Hebrew or Greek.

Now what do we Christians mean when we talk of the Bible? We can only mean one thing—that it is the Inspired Word of God. Consequently, if we find many of these translations contradicting one another on most important points we are driven to the conclusion that they cannot all be the Bible, that many of them are the work of men—nay, the work of the devil, who has induced men to put their own meaning in the place of the inspired sense of God's Word.

Let us trace the history of the Authorized English Version. This will show us how necessary it has been

for the Church to act with caution, lest the Written Word of God should become so mutilated as not to be recognizable. First comes Tyndale's New Testament, under Henry VIII.; then Cranmer's Great Bible (1539); then the Bishops' Bible (1568), under Elizabeth; then the Authorized Version (1611), under James I.; and finally the Revised Version, under Victoria (1881). We ask why were these successive editions brought out, and we are told in answer, because the previous ones were found not to give the Word of God in its true sense. The Rev. J. H. Blunt, in his *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, says: "In some editions of Tyndale's New Testament there is what must be regarded as a wilful omission of the gravest possible character, for it appears in several editions, and has no shadow of justification in the Greek or Latin of the passage, 1 Pet. ii. 13, 14. Such an error was quite enough justification for the suppression of Tyndale's translation."

Cranmer himself complained to Convocation that his Great Bible contained both in the Old and New Testaments many points which required correction, and he put it to the vote of the Upper House whether it could be retained without scandal to the learning of the clergy. The majority of the Bishops decided that it could not be so retained. This was followed by the Bishops' Bible, it in turn by the Authorized Version of James I., and now we have the Revised Version of 1881.

Let us take one instance only to show how untrustworthy even the Authorized Version is. In 1 Cor. xi. 27, the translation in the Authorized Version runs: "Whoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." Note the word "and": it was an all-important word in those days in that sentence. For instants maintained that it was necessary to receive Communion under both kinds, and backed up trine by this text. Though in the days of the heresy Holy Church had insisted upon Comler both kinds, yet her discipline for many hanged upon this point, and for centuries

Communion under one kind for the laity had been the usual practice of the Western Church. If we turn to the Revised Version, we find the passage rendered now as follows: "Whoever shall eat the bread *or* drink the cup of the Lord unworthily," &c. This is the reading in the Catholic Church, and confirms her practice of administering the Sacrament under one kind. The Revised Version is judged also by many learned men to contain serious errors.

If we turn to Continental versions, it is quite sufficient for our purpose to see the estimate formed by the "Reformers" themselves of these translations. Luther's translation, in which Emser detected over a thousand glaring errors, Zuinglius declared to be a corruption of the Word of God; a compliment which Luther repaid with interest on the appearance of the translation by Zuinglius. Œcolampadius and the theologians of Basle found fault with Beza's translation because, as they say, he changed the text of Scripture. Naturally Beza retorts upon them, and declares their translation to be impious in parts. Du Moulin says of Calvin's translation, that it did violence to the letter of the Gospel, which Calvin has changed, and to which he made additions of his own. When the ministers of Geneva made an exact version of Calvin's Bible, James I. of England declared at the Hampton Court Conference that of all versions it was the most wicked and unfaithful. When the Authorized Version first appeared in England it was openly decried by many Protestant ministers as abounding in gross perversions of the original text.

Furthermore, what has been the practical outcome of the principle of private judgment in conjunction with unrestrained licence in translating the Scriptures as each man chose? What has been the result in Germany, the first theatre of Protestantism? Is it not a fact that Rationalism, a system little better than downright Deism, has frittered away the very substance of Christianity? The Rationalists of Germany have left nothing of Christianity – not even its skeleton. Is England, that imported a religion first made in Germany, in a much

better plight? Do not many fear, and rightly fear, that the same spirit will soon carry all before it in England?

The Catholic Church, the guardian of Revealed Truth, the custodian of the Word of God, both Written and handed down by Tradition, seeing on the one hand the faulty, erroneous, and mischievous translations of the Scriptures that were being spread broadcast over every Christian land, and recognizing that the so-called right of private judgment, so lauded by the "Reformers," was utterly subversive of all authority in Church and State, provided a remedy for the evil that threatened the world. As there has never been a Divine command laid upon all men to read the Scriptures (else how could the early Christians and the unlearned in all ages be saved?), the Church has the power to regulate by her disciplinary enactments whatever concerns this reading. Ecclesiastical discipline is of its very nature changeable, and is adapted to meet the requirements of times, places, and persons. Restrictive measures which had prevailed in isolated dioceses became general when the danger became universal. These measures were particularly severe on the translations made or edited by heretics, and rightly so. For very many of these translations were written off with great speed, and consequently were not very faithful to the text; then the translators, under the influence of their errors, introduced in many places interpretations diverging from the traditional sense; besides, when these editions reproduced the Catholic version they suppressed the notes by which it was accompanied; finally, the character of their authors and the independent manner in which these editions and translations were made render them objects of suspicion. Furthermore, in our own days the method of procedure adopted by the Bible Societies has added a new motive for proscribing Protestant Bibles. In fact, it is generally conceded in principle that in all the Bibles published by these societies the Deuterocanonical Books of the Old Testament are not printed, and the text given without note or explanation. These Bibles, then, are mutilated

and deprived of those helps which would render reading less dangerous.

It is to no purpose, then, that our separated brethren accuse the Roman Church of proscribing arbitrarily editions and versions approved by Catholic prelates or faculties, simply and solely because they are distributed by Protestants. It is no silly jealousy that actuates ecclesiastical authorities. It is the good of souls, gravely compromised by these productions.

The Action of the Church.

The Bishops gathered together at the Council of Trent drew up a decree relative to the reading of the Bible in the vernacular, and besought the Pope before the dissolution of the Council to publish it in a solemn manner. Pope Pius IV. yielded to their wish, and published, March 24, 1544, the rules of the Index. The third Rule is: "Translations of the books of the Old Testament can only be granted to wise and pious men, according to the judgment of the Bishop, provided that they use these translations as explanations of the Vulgate, in order to understand the Holy Scriptures, and not as the true text. As to translations of the New Testament, made by authors of the first class (the heresiarchs, Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, &c.), let them be granted to no one, because their reading cannot be advantageous, and is generally very dangerous to the readers. If annotations have been added to the versions that are allowed, or to the Vulgate, their reading can be permitted to those who are allowed to have these versions, provided that the suspected passages in them have been cut out by the theological faculty of a Catholic university or by the General Inquisition." The fourth Rule is: "As experience has shown that if the use of the Holy Bible in the vernacular be allowed to every one without distinction their results therefrom, in consequence of the rashness of men, more harm than advantage, let all submit in this matter to the judgment of the Bishop or the Inquisitor, so that they can permit, with the advice of the parish priest or confessor, the reading of the Holy

Scriptures translated into the vernacular by Catholic authors to those whom they shall judge fit to draw from this reading not harm, but an increase of faith and piety. Let this permission be obtained in writing. Those who shall dare to read or keep these Bibles without this leave cannot receive absolution of their sins until they have given them up to the ordinary. Regulars can neither read them nor buy them without the eave of their superiors."

This two-fold rule, which became the Church's law, suppressed as far as possible the abuses without ignoring or neglecting the advantages that might spring from the use of the Bible in the vernacular. This law, faithfully and loyally kept, foiled the plans and designs of the heretics. This is the reason why such senseless cries and absurd accusations have been excited by it. Protestants would have it that this new disciplinary enactment on the part of the Catholic Church was an impious attack on God's Holy Word; that the Holy Scripture was treated as though it were a dangerous, if not a bad book; that the laity were altogether forbidden to read it, and that hence it became the monopoly of the clergy, who were now able without let or hindrance to poison the minds and hearts of the unfortunate believers in the claims of the Church of Rome. Such is the fantastic interpretation spread abroad by Protestantism with obstinate persistency, in spite of every denial and every explanation of Catholic theologians.

Now let us see what in reality was allowed by the Church in relation to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. All Catholics, laymen as well as the clergy, were allowed to read, 1st, the Old Testament in the Hebrew text, and the New Testament in the Greek; 2nd, the Greek version of the Septuagint; 3rd, the ancient translations of the whole Bible in Syriac, Coptic, Ethiopian, &c.; 4th, the Latin Vulgate. The Church knows full well that these texts and these translations are orthodox, and she was convinced that men who were capable of understanding these ancient languages were sufficiently well educated not to suffer themselves to be led astray by the

difficulties and obscurities of the Holy Scriptures. We must remember, too, that most, if not all, educated men of that time understood Latin, and in consequence were perfectly free to read the Vulgate.

The Church, however, did not allow the use of the Bible translated into the vernacular indiscriminately to all: but she gave the use of it freely and willingly through the Bishop or the Inquisitor, to all who were accounted fit to profit by its reading, on the advice of the confessor or the parish priest. Undoubtedly, then, a restriction was placed upon the indiscriminate reading of the Bible translated into the vulgar tongue. Nay more, for a brief period the restriction was drawn tighter by Sixtus V. and Clement VIII., who insisted that application for this leave was to be made to the Holy See. This legislation, however, was soon dropped, and things reverted to the state established by Pius IV. When, however, the fury of the storm had subsided, Holy Church began to relax still more the severity of the discipline. Thus we find Pope Benedict XIV. in 1757, the year that Clive founded our Empire in India by the victory of Plassey, two years before the fall of Quebec, three years before the accession of George III., a hundred and forty years ago, confirming this decree of the Congregation of the Index: "If these translations of the Bible into the vernacular have been approved by the Holy See or edited with notes taken from the holy Fathers or learned Catholic authors, they are allowable." This decree was confirmed in 1829 by Pius VIII., and is now practically the law throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic world.

Yet Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., tells us that "Nothing is more certain than that wherever Rome is supreme the circulation of the Scriptures is forbidden!" If he is not yet convinced let him pay strict attention to the words of Pius VI. writing to the Archbishop of Florence in 1778, the year that the great Commoner, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, died, whilst the American colonies were in the midst of their great struggle for freedom. These are the words: "*You judge exceedingly*

well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; for these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, and to eradicate the errors which are so widely spread in these corrupt times. *This you have seasonably effected by publishing the Sacred Writings in the language of your country, suitable to every one's capacity.*" Pius VII., writing in 1820 to the English Vicars-Apostolic, urges them "*to encourage their people to read the Holy Scriptures*, for nothing can be more useful, more consolatory, and more animating, because they serve to confirm the faith, to support the hope, and to inflame the charity of the true Christian."

Is Mr. Samuel Smith still unconvinced? Let him turn his gaze to that vast Republic in which he has been lately travelling, and note that in that land there is a mighty episcopate which is accustomed to gather together from time to time in council at Baltimore. About ten years ago, in a Pastoral Letter addressed by them to their faithful children, they say: "It can hardly be necessary to remind you, beloved brethren, *that the most highly valued treasure of every family library*, and the most frequently and lovingly made use of, should be the *Holy Scriptures*," and after citing the letter of Pius VI. to the Archbishop of Florence cited above, they conclude: "*We trust that no family can be found amongst us without a correct version of the Holy Scriptures.*" If Mr. Samuel Smith, and those who agree with him, are not yet convinced of the error, they must be hard to satisfy. We are told to turn for a compact view of the subject to the copious writings of the Rev. J. A. Wylie, especially the one entitled *The Papacy*. We turn to it, and we read the extract which purports to be taken from an Encyclical of Pius IX. in 1850. We give the extract as it appears in Mr. Samuel Smith's pamphlet and the extract as it is in the Pope's Encyclical in parallel columns, and leave to the pious consideration of the reader the tortuous ways of some Protestant controversialists—

EXTRACT AS IN MR. SMITH'S PAMPHLET.

"Nay, more, with the assistance of the Biblical Societies, which have long been condemned by the Holy Chair, they do not blush to distribute Holy Bibles, translated into the vulgar tongue, without being conformed to the rules of the Church. . . . Under a false pretext of religion, they recommend the reading of them to the faithful. You, in your wisdom, perfectly understand, venerable brothers, with what vigilance and solicitude you ought to labour that the faithful may fly with horror from this poisonous reading."

EXTRACT AS IN THE ENCYCLICAL.

"Nay, more, with the assistance of the Biblical Societies, which have long been condemned by this Holy See, they do not scruple to spread about and recommend to the faithful peoples under plea of religion, Bible, translated into the vernacular contrary to the rules of the Church, *and by this means corrupted and with reckless audacity twisted to a false meaning.* Hence, venerable brethren, you understand in your wisdom with what vigilance and anxiety you must labour that the faithful sheep of the flock may shun the pestilential reading of them."

Is it easy to believe in the good faith of men who wilfully and deliberately print statements like the above as the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church? Where is the English sense of fair-play in such a translation? Is it not skilfully devised to lead on the readers who have neither the leisure nor the wish nor the opportunity —and they form the multitude to verify the quotation, to believe that the Sovereign Pontiff forbids as pestilential reading God's Holy Word? The important words which give a totally different complexion to the sentence are omitted, as if they were of no importance and did not give any more light to the meaning of the sentence. When we turn to what Pius IX. did say, we find that the Pope earnestly exhorted the Bishops to labour to get their flocks to shun the pestilential reading of what? The Bible? No; but of Bibles which had been translated into the vernacular, and which had "by this means been corrupted and, with reckless audacity, twisted to a false meaning."

We shall later see how wise and prudent, nay, how absolutely necessary, were these orders of the Popes through the action of the Bible Societies in the East. Catholics often wonder how it is that such strong preju-

dice exists against the Church. It is fabrications such as these that keep up the bitter feeling against us.

Except in the South of France, North of Spain, and England, where restrictions were imposed by Provincial Councils in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries respectively on translations of the Bible into the vernacular because they were accompanied by false interpretations or were false in translation, no restriction was imposed upon such translations by the Church as a whole till Pius IV. published the decree of the Index, March 24, 1544. Even then, as has been already said, the Bible could be read by all, laymen as well as the clergy, in the Hebrew and Greek texts, in the Septuagint version, in the Syriac, Coptic, Ethiopian, &c., versions, and in the Latin Vulgate. Restrictions were placed upon the reading of the translations of the Bible into the vernacular, but leave could be obtained from the Bishop or Inquisitor, through the confessor or parish priest, to do so. This legislation was, however, changed by Benedict XIV. 140 years ago (in 1757), when he confirmed the decree of the Congregation of the Index, by which the reading of Catholic translations into the vernacular was allowed if they were approved by the Holy See, or edited with notes taken from the Fathers or good and learned theologians.

Lastly, Bishops and Popes have earnestly exhorted the faithful to read the Holy Scriptures. How, then, can Protestants give utterance to statements so completely at variance with fact?

Mr. Smith, in a letter to the Liverpool papers (January 11th), quotes from the Rev. Hobart Seymour's *Mornings with the Jesuits* (1850), saying that he had sought in vain throughout Rome for a Bible in the Italian tongue. (He contradicts himself, by the way, as he informs us that Martini's translation was actually offered to him for sale.) Did the Rev. Mr. Seymour ask for the Protestant Bible? If so, of course he was told that it was not allowable. However, to obtain more definite information, as soon as I saw Mr. Samuel Smith's letter I telegraphed to an English priest stationed in Rome, and received from him a letter, which I print

as an appendix, with a pamphlet in Italian on the subject. He gives therein the same facts as I have adduced, about Martini's Bible appearing in many editions; tells us that countless copies of the New Testament were spread among the people before 1870, the Pope and Bishops encouraging their diffusion; and declares that hundreds of thousands of Curci's cheap translations of the Gospels, about 1870, have been circulated.

Mr. Smith cites a Brief sent in 1816 by Pope Pius VII. to Ignatius, Bishop of Gnesen, in which he denounces the Bible Societies, and says that the Holy Scriptures, "when circulated in the vulgar tongue, have, through the temerity of men, produced more harm than benefit." This quotation is accurate as far as it goes, but the words that follow show what it is that the Pope forbids. They are: "And this is a misfortune which we have more reason to fear in our days, as our holy religion is attacked on all sides with skilful efforts. You must then adhere to the salutary decree of the Congregation of the Index (June 13, 1757)—viz., that translations of the Bible into the vernacular (vulgar tongue) are not to be allowed, except such as are approved by the Holy See, or edited with notes taken from the holy Fathers." Clearly, then, as I have said so often, approved translations of the Bible *are* allowed.

A Protestant Device.

I have pointed out how, by misrepresentation which would seem to be wilful and deliberate, the words of condemnation of the Bible Societies by Pius IX. were made to say what the Pope never said. That you may see how common a device this is of some Protestant writers for gulling the Protestant public, let me cite an instance from the *English Churchman* of November 1, 1896: "In the year 1824, in an 'Encyclical,' Leo the Twelfth speaks of a certain society which is spreading over the world the Bible, which is the gospel of the devil." Fancy the Ruler of that Church which, as Luther said, preserved the Bible for us calling God's Holy Word

"the gospel of the devil"! The writer knew only too well that this was the food to supply to a large portion of the non-Catholic world, which has been fed for three hundred and fifty years on all kinds of mendacious statements about the grand old Church of their forefathers. These are the statements that are swallowed down wholesale by the gullible Protestant public, and which keep alive Protestant prejudice.

Now, what did Leo XII. really say? "You are aware, venerable brethren, that a certain society, commonly called the Bible Society, strolls with effrontery throughout the world; which society, contemning the traditions of the holy Fathers and contrary to the well-known decree of the Council of Trent, labours with all its might and by every means to translate—or rather to pervert—the Holy Bible into the vulgar languages of every nation; from which proceeding it is greatly to be feared that what is ascertained to have happened as to some passages may also occur with regard to others, to wit, that by a perverse interpretation the Gospel of Christ be turned into a human gospel, or, what is worse still, into the gospel of the devil."

What are we to think of the capabilities of a man who dares thus to come forth and proffer his translation as the correct one of the Pope's Encyclical? Most schoolboys who have even a limited acquaintance with the Latin tongue would laugh it to scorn. Yet fabrications such as these are spread wholesale against Catholicism by men who ought to—may I not add, who *must*—know better.

The Bible Societies.

Why is it that the Catholic Church is so hostile to the efforts of the Bible Societies? Is it dislike for God's Holy Word? Every Catholic knows that such is not, such cannot be the case. The Catholic Church has too much love and veneration for all that comes from its Creator and Redeemer. The Catholic Church loves God's Holy Word too much to expose it to the nameless horror and frightful indignities to which it has been

subjected by the action of the Societies in distributing millions of copies throughout the world.

Of the results of this action I will give a few examples. Archdeacon Grant in his *Bampton Lectures*, c. 3, p. 93, tells us: "The cause of the eagerness which has sometimes been evinced to obtain the sacred volume cannot be traced to a thirst for the Word of Life, but to secular purposes, the unhallowed uses to which the Holy Word of God, left in their hands, has been turned, and which are absolutely shocking to any Christian feeling." "They have been seen," says Dr. Wells Williams, "on the counters of shops in Macao, cut in two for wrapping up medicines and fruits, which the shopman would not do with the worst of his own books."[1] "They are employed," said Bishop Courrazy, "to roll round tobacco and bacon."[2] Whole cases of them were sold by auction and purchased, says another eye-witness, at the price of old paper, chiefly by the shoemakers, grocers, and druggists. Mr. Tomlin admits that the Chinese often stole them at night to apply them to domestic purposes, and that some of the missionaries appeared to consider this theft an encouraging proof of their zeal for Divine things. Marchini tells us from actual observation that they are sold by the weight to shoemakers to make Chinese slippers, and then goes on to express his astonishment, because "the English, who display so much discernment and accuracy of judgment in other matters," should allow themselves to be the dupes of salaried speculators or visionary enthusiasts.

"How degrading is the idea," says a Protestant writer in the *Asiatic Journal* (vol. ix. p. 343), "to put into the hands of every Chinese bargeman or illiterate porter a packet of tracts, to sell or give away on his journey as he pleases."

So rapid is the consumption of Bibles in the various branches of the retail trade in Hindostan that of the millions circulated it is difficult, except in the capitals, to find so much as the trace of a single copy. This we

[1] *The Middle Kingdom*, vol. ii. c. 19, p. 343.
[2] *Annals of Propagation of Faith*, vol. i. p. 107.

are told by Captain J. B. Seely in *The Wonders of Elora*, c. 19, p. 524, second edition. "Many of them have probably gone to the pawnbrokers," said Sir Charles Oakeley, Governor of Madras. In Ceylon they were used for much the same purposes as in India and China.

In New Zealand the Maories, according to Mr. Fox,[1] tore up the Bibles to make wadding for their guns, and even went so far, as Miss Tucker indignantly informs us, as to convert them into New Zealand cartridges. In Africa, on the West Coast at Gaboon, after a grand distribution of Bibles by the missionaries among the negroes, as soon as the sacred book had fallen into the hands of the children, M. Bessieux saw the leaves of the Bible converted into pretty kites (*Annals of Propagation of Faith*, vol. viii. p. 75). Colonel Napier's tale is that the Kaffirs converted lately, to our cost, the missionary Bibles into ball cartridges or wadding.[2] In Tetuan they were thrown into the flames. In Abyssinia, we are told by Mr. Parkyns that "the use to which the many Bibles given away in this country are commonly applied is the wrapping up of snuff and such like undignified purposes." Throughout the Levant, Syria, and Armenia, millions of Bibles have been distributed. Many of them have been diligently collected and committed to the flames.[3] An agent of the Biblical Society resentfully records that the ecclesiastical authorities "have always strenuously opposed the distribution of the Bible in modern Greek."[4] The Greek Patriarch, too, worried by the aggressions of the missionaries, published an Encyclical Letter in which he not only warned his people against the emissaries of the Bible Society, but described them as "satanical heresiarchs from the caverns of hell and the abyss of the Northern Sea, whose object was to proselytize and to foment division and harass

[1] *The Six Colonies of New Zealand*, p. 83.

[2] *Excursion in South Africa*, vol. ii. c. 22, p. 442.

[3] Dr. Robertson, *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, vol. i. § 3, p. 140.

[4] *Journal of Deputation to East*, vol. ii. p. 594.

their Church and fill it with heresy." He went on to forbid the purchase or use of any translation of the Scriptures made by the missionaries, whether in the Turkish, Servian, Arabian, Bulgarian, Slavonian, or other languages.[1] If such an Encyclical had appeared from the Roman Pontiff, how the pulpits of Protestant England would have resounded with declamations against the tyranny of the Papacy!

In Persia the Bibles were torn up in the presence of the missionary and trampled in the dirt. At Bassora, where Mr. Samuel, the missionary, was nearly torn to pieces, the Mahometans, more reverential than the missionary, anxious, as they said themselves, "that a book which they as well as Christians consider sacred might not be trodden under foot, resolved that the volumes should all be thrown into the river, and this order was accordingly executed."[2] Instances of usage such as this might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. They have cost innumerable sums, says Mr. Marshall,[3] have awakened only the contempt of the few pagans who read them, have been polluted by the foulest and most degrading uses, and finally consumed as waste paper.

Degradation of the Scriptures.

Is it possible for God's Holy Word to be subjected to greater degradation? Yes, unfortunately it is so, and what is worse, it has actually undergone the degradation. We know how the "Reformers" of the sixteenth century wrangled with one another about their own translations of the Bible, how Luther's version was called by Zuinglius a corruption of God's Holy Word, a compliment returned a hundredfold by Luther on the translation edited by Zuinglius; how James I. called the translation by Calvin, edited with great care by the Genevan Ministers, the most unfaithful of translations. Have the attempts of the British and Foreign Bible Society to translate the

[1] *Loc. cit.*, p. 816.

[2] *Narrative of a Mission to India*, by V. Fontanier, Vice-Consul of France at Bassora, p. 344.

[3] *Christian Missions*, vol. i. p. 22.

Scriptures into the languages of the world fared any better? Let us examine and see. Please to remember that all this time I am speaking from a historical point of view, and not as a theologian. Dr. Morrison edited the first Protestant version of the Bible in the Chinese language at a cost of more than £20,000. "It was," as the Bible Society admits, "imperfect, and not sufficiently idiomatic." No wonder, for, as Dr. Morrison says: "I edited the New Testament with such alterations as in my conscience, and with the degree of knowledge of the Chinese language which I then possessed, I thought necessary." Yet Dr. Morrison had no hesitation in proclaiming that as "the Word of God" which he had himself altered as his conscience dictated. Talk about an Infallible Pope, indeed!

Morrison's translation was followed by Marshman's, of which Mr. Malcolm says: "I am assured by private Chinese gentlemen that neither Marshman's nor Morrison's Bible is fully intelligible, much less attractive." Marchini goes further, and assures us that their Chinese versions are "an unintelligible jargon which no one could read without laughing," and that the learned Chinese complained that their sublime idiom should be so wantonly caricatured. This was so clear and manifest a truth that a solemn meeting of missionaries of various Protestant denominations was summoned to meet at Hong-Kong in 1848, to take measures for concocting one more version "better adapted for general circulation than any hitherto published." The Rev. G. Milne[1] informs us that "one or two versions were attempted, but exceedingly defective and very unsatisfactory." Many an honest man, no doubt, will scarcely be able to credit these statements. Therefore it is all the more important to get impartial testimony in proof of the statements. Mr. Meadows Taylor, Chinese Interpreter to H.M. Civil Service, describes in 1856 the real character and effect of these Protestant translations which have cost so much money as follows: "Let the English Protestant reflect on the Book of the Mormons

[1] *Life in China*, p. 50.

and on Mormonism, as it is spreading in some places in Great Britain, and he will obtain a by no means exaggerated notion of the contemptible light in which our badly-translated Scriptures and Christianity in China are regarded by the thorough Confucian, viz., as a tissue of absurdities and impious pretensions, which it would be lost time to examine."[1]

If we turn to India, is the outlook different? "The translations are so grossly absurd," says a learned Protestant writer in the *Asiatic Journal*, vol. xxviii. p. 303, that "instead of promoting the service of Christianity, it is not irrational to impute some of the backwardness of the Hindoos to this cause." A copy of the Telinga version was given to some natives in the district of Bellary, but as they could not understand it, they consulted their most learned man, who after careful examination told his clients "that its style was so obscure and incoherent that it was almost impossible to comprehend it, but that he believed it was a treatise on magic." Of the Tamil version a Protestant clergyman declared that "the translation is really pitiful, and deserves only contempt." Here are some specimens of the Canara version:—"In the beginning God created the earth and the air." "Darkness was upon the water, but the soul of God wandered with delight over the water." "Let us make man like to us and having our form: let him command the aquatic insects of the sea." M. Dubois tells us that in this version there is hardly a verse correctly rendered, and that "no Indian possessing the slightest instruction can preserve a serious countenance in reading such a composition." In the "Baptist Missionary Account," 1819 (Appendix to Report), we are told that in the Hindostani version the sentence "Judge not, that ye be not judged" is rendered "Do no justice that justice be not done to you." What an idea of Christian morality to be presented to the pagan! Are we surprised, then, at the testimony given by Mr. Irving,[2] that these translations have been "either simply useless, or, from

[1] *The Chinese and their Rebellion*, p. 79.
[2] *Theory and Practice of Caste*, p. 149.

explaining the doctrines of our Faith by ridiculous forms of expression, have been absolutely pernicious"?

The Popes and the Bible Societies.

Testimonies of this kind from non-Catholic sources could be multiplied a thousandfold. If this be so, have we Catholics any reason for surprise at the words of the Sovereign Pontiffs, so continually, and persistently, and energetically warning the flock of Christ against the Bible Societies? They each and all assert the right of private interpretation of that which they claim to be the sole rule of faith, God's Holy Word, a doctrine which the Catholic Church cannot allow. Too often, as we have seen to-day, not translations, but perversions of the Scriptures are sent forth, which bring ridicule and contempt upon the religion of Christ. Too often, indeed, as Pope Leo XII. has declared, by a perverse interpretation the Gospel of Christ is turned into a human gospel, or, what is still worse, into the gospel of the devil. In conclusion, may I be allowed to state again that in all this matter I am speaking from a historian's point of view, and that in speaking of the efforts of the Bible Societies to convert the East I have confined myself to the events that took place antecedent to the year 1863.

The Bible in Rome.

In proof of his assertion that wherever Rome has had undisputed sway she has kept the Bible from the laity, we are told by Mr. Samuel Smith how friends of his had the greatest difficulty in smuggling Bibles into Rome. Presumably they were Protestant versions of the Bible, and they were prohibited by the Pope, lest the purity of Catholic faith should be impaired. Had Mr. Samuel Smith's friends taken with them Martini's approved edition of the Bible, or the approved Douay edition of the Bible in English, no difficulty would have been experienced.

The false impression is kept up in the next sentence: "When the Italian army entered Rome, the first wheel carriage contained a consignment of Bibles." What is

suggested is clearly that the poor, hungry Romans had been deprived, under the Papal sway, of God's Holy Word. How false is this suggestion may be gathered from Father Chandlery's letter (see Appendix).

M. Lasserre's Translation.

We are told (p. 13) that "the present Pope gave his approval to Lasserre's French translation of the Gospels, which had a large sale, but, strange to say, it is now placed on the Index Expurgatorius, and its sale prohibited."

Let us see what are the real facts of the condemnation of Henri Lasserre's translation of the Gospels. But first I would ask Mr. Samuel Smith not to pin his faith too strongly on an article on this subject by Dr. Wright, published in the *Contemporary Review*. This Dr. Wright, in a letter to the papers, said: "I pointed out as clearly as I could that the same Infallible Pope had officially cursed the same version of the Gospels twelve months and fifteen days after he had officially sent it forth glowing with his benediction." When asked what grounds he had for saying that the Pope cursed the book, he writes in reply, with an ignorance of the Latin tongue that would disgrace a schoolboy: "Sacra Congregatio damnavit et damnat . . ." Is it really ignorance? Is he not aware that "damnavit" means "condemned"?

Briefly, the facts of the case are these. Henri Lasserre, the well-known writer and devout client of Mary, issued what he called a translation of the Four Gospels in the French tongue, with a preface. It had received the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Paris, after passing twice through the hands of the censors, and at once had an enormous sale. It ran through twenty-five editions in twelve months, and was warmly welcomed by the Catholic Press and many of the Bishops. Lasserre presented his Holiness with a copy. Leo XIII. commissioned Cardinal Jacobini to express to the author his approval of the object with which he had been inspired in the execution and publication of the work, and his hopes that this object may be fully attained.

Meanwhile other Catholics, more solicitous about the preservation of the text of Holy Scripture from all undue interference than about beauty of style, having carefully studied the work, came to the conclusion that it was full of inaccuracies and mistranslations, and departed in many places from the traditional interpretation. Representations were made to Rome; the book was examined by the Congregation of the Index, whose office it is to point out to the faithful books which are in any way hurtful to faith or morals, with the result that the book was placed upon the Index Expurgatorius. The book was withdrawn from circulation by Henri Lasserre, naturally much to his own regret. It must be noted also, as M. l'Abbé Barbin pointed out in the *Univers* of November, 1896, that Lasserre had not made all the corrections pointed out to him, especially in his preface; and that a public and official note from the archdiocese formally warned him that this imprimatur was not an approbation properly so called, but rather a simple permission to print.

Now, in the first place, even had Leo XIII. approved the translation, there would have been no question of Papal Infallibility involved in the matter. The Pope is infallible only when he teaches the Universal Church *ex cathedrâ*. But Leo. XIII. did not approve the translation in itself (we have no proof that he ever read it); he approved of the object that Lasserre had in view, the greater diffusion of the Gospel story. How does this square with Mr. Smith's proposition?

Secondly, as the Congregation of the Index is a higher court than that of any Archbishop, it has the right to revise the judgements of the lower courts.

Thirdly, let us see some of the translations given by Lasserre, which doubtless influenced the Congregation in its decision.

In the Lord's Prayer "lead us not into temptation" is changed in this wise: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. Yes, Lord, I say this to You, and I think it from the bottom of my heart: yes, I wish to forgive and to be generous, to

forgive those who offend me, and to be generous to my debtors. All the same, do not put me to the test, for I know myself and my own frailty." St. John xiii. 1: "He loved them to the end" is turned into "He put the finishing touch to His love." St. John xv. 1, 5: "I am the vine and you are the branches." He tires of the word "branches" at last, and turns it into "leaves." Do the leaves produce fruit? St. John iv. 5: "wearied" is turned into "overwhelmed by fatigue and having no further strength." "Having no further strength" is an interpolation. St. John xii. 6: For "[Judas] carried the things that were put therein" we have "[Judas] embezzled the things." St. Luke i. 30: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God" is changed into "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast won the good graces of God." St. Luke i. 34: "I know not man" becomes "I have no relation with my husband." St. Matthew i. 20: "Is of the Holy Ghost" becomes "The fruit of the Holy Ghost." St. Mark xiv. 23: "And they all drank of it" (the chalice) at the institution of the Blessed Eucharist; these words are omitted. The Passion of Our Lord in St. Mark's Gospel is told, to render it more vivid and picturesque, in the present tense. This, however, is not translating. St. Matthew xix. 9: M. Lasserre puts aside, in sheer ignorance of the ordinary use of the word "proneia," the meaning which this passage bears by the common consent of all Christendom, and puts into Our Lord's mouth a law respecting divorce which the whole world ignores. St. Mark iii. 21: "He is become mad" is changed into "He has fainted." St. Matthew xviii. 17: "It must needs be that scandals come" we are told in a note probably means "It is a misfortune that scandals come." It is said that Cardinal Pitra, one of the most learned Cardinals of the time, counted more than eight hundred mistakes in the translation. Was it not time, then, to stop the circulation of the book as a translation of the Gospels?

The Abbé Barbin says of the book that from cover to cover it is a paraphrase, an adaptation, an arrangement

of the Gospel that is arbitrary, pretentious, and at times unfortunate, but that it is not a translation. Lest the meaning of Holy Scripture should be obscured, and the traditional explanation coming down from the Apostolic times be set aside and false doctrine take the place of the teaching of Our Lord and His Apostles, the Church had to step in and prohibit the circulation of such a book among the faithful. The Church values the treasure of God's Holy Word too highly to allow it to be the sport and play of any man's fancy. Had Lasserre's version been a faithful transcript of the Scriptures, no prohibition would have been issued.

The Epistle of Clement.

Mr. Smith tells us (p. 44) that "no trust can be placed in the Romish translations of the Scriptures into the vernacular, for, though almost incredible, yet it is a fact that the Rhemish Testament includes the forged so-called First Epistle of Clement to St. James." It seems needless to say that no such Epistle is to be found amongst the Canon of Scripture in the Rheims Testament.

APPENDIX.

The Bible in Rome.

THE following are extracts from the letter from the Rev. Peter Chandlery, referred to on pp. 20, 29 :—

"The Rev. Hobart Seymour states that he visited every bookselling establishment in Rome in 1850, and could not procure a copy of the Holy Scriptures in Italian. Answer (1) : I have here in my room a copy of the whole Bible in Italian, in three volumes, printed at Milan in 1848, and bought in Rome in 1850, and it is certain that this same book was for sale at all the leading booksellers' in Rome. Answer (2) : I called this morning at one of the largest booksellers in Rome, who assured me that the Bible in Italian was for sale in their shop in 1850, and has been ever since.

"He says Martini's edition of the Bible in Italian was offered to him in two places, but it was in twenty-four volumes, and the price was some £4 sterling. Answer : The edition of Martini in my room, bought in Rome in 1850, is in three volumes octavo, and has the full text and notes ; the price was not more than six francs a volume —*i.e.*, 15s. in all. Copies of the New Testament were to be had for two francs and one franc."

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

I WONDER if any one thoroughly realizes the amount of good or evil which each of us may do, whether old or young, rich or poor, gentle or simple, by the personal influence we often unconsciously exercise on people around us? A careless or thoughtless word, an unkind or uncharitable view of some one's character, an irreverent way of speaking of holy things, may often affect the minds of our companions in a way which would startle us if we only knew the harm we were doing. And, on the other hand, a word spoken in season, an act of unselfish kindness, or refraining from joining in uncharitable comments on people or things, will often bear the most unexpected fruits for good. If only we would, every morning, offer up the words, acts and intentions of the day to strive and glorify Our Heavenly Father and His Divine Son, we should be guarded from doing harm, and helped to infuse good and holy thoughts in those around us. To show how much even a little girl can do in a miserable home is the object of the following perfectly true story.

It was a stiflingly hot day in July; the flagstones burned one's feet as one walked along the uneven,

broken pavement, and no shade seemed to fall on the closely-packed houses of a dingy court, reeking with bad smells, dirt, and misery of all kinds, through which I one day wended my way to see a sick child.

In one of the rooms of the most wretched of these tenements lay a little girl about twelve years of age. A broken staircase led up to the place, which was divided by a rough sort of boarding from the sleeping-dens of the other lodgers in the house—you could not dignify such places by the names of homes! Each room had its distinct family—its tale of woe, misery and sin; and the one which I now entered was no exception. Yet, in one way, all were alike; there was always the old story. Father out of work, and continually drunk; mother grown reckless from despair; children half naked, and more than half starved, crouching in the doorways, or quarrelling over some broken toy in the dirty landing-place.

On a miserable little bed, covered with rags which never could have laid claim to the name of bedclothes, lay the object of my search. Pallid, dirty, and uninviting as the poor child was, there was something in her face which instantly arrested my attention. Her large lustrous eyes had a hungering, longing expression, as if for ever seeking after that which they could not find. As there was no chair in the room, I sat down on the edge of her poor little bed, and began to talk to her. I found her as ignorant of the most elementary truths as if she had never lived in a Christian land; she could not read a word, nor did she know a letter. She had been sent out to work as soon as she could,

understand anything, and there was no money at home for food, much less for schooling. In carrying a heavy pitcher of water the year before (a load, in fact, far beyond her strength), she had fallen and injured her knee, and it had got worse and worse, and now she was quite laid up, she said, and unable to put her foot to the ground. I asked her to let me see it. She did so with evident terror, lest I should give her pain. It was in a frightful state of neglect and dirt, and an ugly wound showed me the scrofulous, and consequently hopeless, nature of her malady.

Promising to bring her some fine rags, and to come and dress it gently for her on the following day, I sat down again, and tried to make her open her little heart to me, in which, after some preliminary shyness, I succeeded.

She knew nothing whatever of Gospel history—could not even say the "Our Father," or "Hail Mary;" but she showed a feverish anxiety to learn. I had in my basket a series of little coloured pictures illustrating all the principal events of Our Lord's life; and these I took out and showed her, explaining them one by one, and unravelling for her (for the first time in her life, poor child!) that wondrous tale, so old, yet ever new, of His divine humility and love. The effect on her took me completely by surprise. Large tears filled those lustrous eyes, and ran down those pallid cheeks; and nothing would content her but that I should pin the whole series round her bed, beginning with the Nativity, and ending with the Crucifixion, on which last subject she dwelt with a tenderness, mingled with horror and

pain, which was a rebuke to my own cold-heartedness, not easily to be forgotten.

Soon after, her mother came in; and, in spite of her tawdry and draggled dress and bloodshot eyes, there was an evidence of a better nature struggling within her, which made her welcome with pleasure any one who was kind to her sick child; so that she received me with unexpected courtesy. Eagerly the child began pouring out into her mother's ear all the facts I had been telling her, pointing to the pictures; and then sadly exclaimed:

"Oh, mother! why did you not tell me all this before?"

The woman looked down sheepishly enough; and then, throwing her apron over her eyes, she suddenly burst out crying violently. I was prepared with reproaches for the mother who had so grossly neglected her duty towards her child, but the latter stopped me.

"Poor mother!" she whispered; "it's not her fault—I shouldn't have said that; she has had *such* trouble! Do comfort her!"

Touched and surprised at her words and manner, I endeavoured to soothe the woman, and asked her what had brought her to such straits. Then followed a sad tale of continual misfortune, trial, and wrong, ending in despair and drunkenness, with all its evils; and, at the close of the relation, the poor woman's tears again burst forth.

"And isn't it enough to break any one's heart to see poor little Mary there—with nothing to give her, and she dying, as one may say, and all the wages as would

keep her comfortable going to the gin shop; and *I* can earn nothing now, so to speak!"

I said a few words to her of sympathy, and of the Healer of all troubles, if we only lay them at His feet; and then took my leave, promising to return the next day.

The morrow came, and the bright look of welcome with which I was greeted by the sick child amply repaid me for my hot walk. She had got her mother to paste all the little prints on the wall of her room in their order—so that the whole life of Our Blessed Lord was before her; and she had remembered every word of our previous day's conversation. Gladly, therefore, did I continue it, having first washed and dressed the wound, which she submitted to patiently, after I had talked to her a little of the pain borne by Our Lord for her, and how she could offer up her suffering to Him. And so we went on day by day; and every hour the truths she was learning seemed to sink deeper and deeper into her heart.

Soon I felt that she was fitted for higher teaching than mine; and so, one morning I brought to her bedside the kind and gentle priest who had so often striven in vain for admission into that wretched room. He was greatly moved both at the fervour of her piety and at the freshness and vividness of her religious impressions, and lost no time in preparing her for her Confession and First Communion, which she received with a faith and joy which will ever remain on my memory.

But soon after this, a sudden stop was put to our intercourse. One day, as I was reading to her as

usual some parts of Our Lord's Passion, which was her great delight, the door opened suddenly, and a man entered, of rough and surly aspect.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed to me, in great anger. "I want no canting Sister of Charity in my house!"

"But, father! father!" exclaimed the poor child, "she has been so kind to me, you don't know—and—"

"And I don't choose she should stay here," he retorted, fiercely interrupting her; while, thrusting back into my basket the jelly and other little comforts I had brought, he motioned me to the door. Fearful of the effect this scene might have on his child, and anxious not to excite him further, I rose at once, and quietly saying that I hoped some day he would feel differently towards me, I kissed the little girl and went away.

Home troubles and sickness prevented my returning to the court for a fortnight or three weeks; but the first morning I found myself at liberty I went back to see if I could once more gain access to the sick child's room. A woman met me on the first landing.

"Oh, Sister, you're wanted upstairs. That man in No. 6 is bad with fever. Yesterday he was not expected to live."

"What! the father of little Mary?" I exclaimed; and hastily climbing up the ladder-like staircase, found myself in a few moments in the room.

There was the man on a pallet by the side of his child, moaning in agony; and she, having crawled out of her little bed, was lying by him, gently repeating to

him the "Our Father," and trying to make him follow her. When he saw me, he hid his head under the bedclothes, murmuring, "This is your revenge!"

I took no notice, but, lighting a little etna I had brought with me, soon succeeded in making him some tea. The expression of his face was quite changed—he thanked me with tears in his eyes; and as for little Mary, she was radiant. .

"He can say it *all* now," she whispered eagerly to me; "and he's never going to be drunk any more!"

I looked at the little apostle, as she lay with her thin, wasted face close to his, and smoothed the hair on her white forehead.

"And how is my child herself to-day?" I said cheerily, fearing the over-excitement for her feeble frame.

"Very bad," answered her mother, who was standing, sobbing, in the corner of the room. "But then, ma'am, nothing would content her but to be by him, when he was took so bad; so I let her stay, and there she has been all day, and all night too, a-teaching of him all the things as you taught her, and a deal more besides—and he's quite another man now, to be sure!" she added, smiling through her tears. "And I thank you kindly, ma'am, for what you have done for 'em both."

At this moment the good old parish priest came in. Mary's face lighted up.

"Father's all right now," she exclaimed; "he can say a 'Hail Mary,' and will never turn you out of doors any more!"

But the effort had been too great. The strain of the last few days had exhausted the child's remaining strength, and her head suddenly sank forward.

"My poor dear child!" cried out the penitent father, vainly striving, in his weakness, to rise and help her.

A cordial revived her; but it was only for a time. Her work was done—her father was saved—and that night the Master called her home.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?

"It's no use talking, James; I can't go and leave the old church where father and mother worshipped all their lives, or the grave where they both lie so happy-like together; besides having all the neighbours talking and staring at me as a Papist —no, I couldn't stand *that!*" exclaimed the speaker warmly, opening, as she spoke, the latch of the door of a pretty cottage, through which a young man was at the moment passing, with a bag on his arm, as if starting on a journey.

"Ah, Mary, that's where the rub is, I know well," replied the lad. "But do think for a moment how little those excuses will stand you at the judgment day! What will people's talk matter then, I wonder?"

So saying, and gently kissing her forehead, he wished her good-bye, and began, with brisk steps, to walk to the railway station to catch the evening train.

Yet his heart was sad and heavy. He and his sister had been left orphans about two years before, and he had obtained work at Messrs. Fenton's stained-glass factory in London, having a great taste both for drawing and colour, which his employers were not slow to perceive and take advantage of. His work soon brought him in contact with the best painters and engravers of Catholic art, and it seemed as if at once he had found an explana-

tion of the yearnings of his heart. Especially did he love all representations of Mary, in her Annunciation and her Maternity; and no pains did he spare to perfect any work with which he might be entrusted, bearing on these subjects.

One day, when he was deeply engaged in an outline of a window for a chapel dedicated to Our Lady, a man who was standing by and watching him exclaimed, as if involuntarily, "What a pity!"

"What's a pity?" asked James, suddenly pausing in his work, and looking up with surprise at the speaker.

He was a middle-aged man, with a singularly kind and benevolent countenance, and he answered gently, though sadly:

"Why, I can't help thinking it's a great pity, when I see you bestowing such pains and taste on that face, that you don't know anything about her; nor do the people for whom you are painting this window."

"What do you mean?" replied James. "I suppose every one who is a Christian, and even a Turk, I am told, knows about the Virgin Mary!"

"Ah! but that's not what I meant," replied the man. "You know her, true, as you know of any historical fact; but you don't *really* know her and love her, and go to her as we Catholics do."

"Tell me something of all this," answered James, eagerly. "Let me come to you, after work this evening. I have been puzzled for a long time about many things since I have been here; and I should like to know what you Catholics really *do* believe, and not merely what your enemies say of you."

A cordial shake of the hand, and an engagement to come to Mr. Percival's room that evening, was the result of this conversation. The acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into a hearty liking on both sides. Their talk generally turned on those points most interesting to both; and, bit by bit, the truth became unfolded to James's heart and mind, and the prejudices of his childhood melted away as ice in the summer sun. His only real difficulty had been the so-called "adoration" of the Virgin Mary.

"It seems so to put her in the place of God," he said one day, "and to be right against the Bible words of there being only one mediator and one intercessor. It seems, too, to me, to take away from the honour due to Our Lord, as the one great 'advocate for us with the Father.' I wish you would explain this to me."

"Well, my dear James, we Catholics should be simply geese, or rather, I should say, heretics according to our own teaching, if we adored or paid divine worship to the Blessed Virgin, or believed that anybody but Christ was the one, absolute, self-sufficient mediator between God and man. You may ask the simplest little child in the Church if it imagines that the Virgin Mary is God, and you will find it has never dreamt of such an absurdity. Ask any poor Catholic woman why she prays to the Mother of Our Lord, and honours her so much, and she will tell you that it is simply and wholly for the love and honour of Him whose Mother she is."

"That seems all very well," replied James; "but, as Christ is the '*one* mediator for us with the Father,'

why should we not go straight to the Son of God, without having recourse to His Mother, who is only a creature after all?"

"Because," answered Mr. Percival, "the Church will not have us forget our Creed, that the Son of God was born of the Virgin Mary, and that we may as well deny that God ever became man as ignore the Mother whom He chose for Himself. Either the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God, or God never became man. If she be God's Mother, and the saints and angels can hear our prayers (for does not the Creed also declare the 'communion of saints'?), then she is the most powerful intercessor we can have with God. But the fact of our believing that she can pray for us, and intercede in her own way for us, is nothing more than what the Bible teaches us to do one for another in a hundred places. St. James says (chap. v. 16), 'Pray one for another that ye may be saved, for the continual prayer of a just man availeth much.' Our Lord again says, 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth labourers unto His harvest' (Matt. ix. 38); that is to say, He will send ministers of salvation through our intercession. Then, again, see how men in an inferior and secondary sense became mediators for their brethren. In the Book of Job (chap. xlii.), the Lord said, 'My servant Job shall pray for you: his face I will accept, that folly be not imputed to you . . . and the Lord was turned at the penance of Job when he prayed for his friends.' Well, James, I believe the Mother of God to be a much greater saint than Job; and, just in proportion as she is the greatest of all saints, we believe that her prayers,

or, as you like to call it, her 'mediation' (though I don't like the word, simply because you Protestants are apt to misunderstand it) is the more availing. Surely, if God said He would accept the 'face' of Job, He will a thousand times more readily 'accept the face' of His own most perfect and pure Mother! Now, James, I call this not only Scriptural and true, but plain common sense."

"Well, the truth is, I never looked upon the matter in this light before," replied James. "I see now what you mean—that you don't pray *to* her, but ask her to pray for you."

"Exactly so," answered Mr. Percival. "God does not pray, but receives prayer. It is a *creature's* work to pray. We ask Our Lady to pray to Our Lord for us. How is this setting her above Him?"

This conversation, and others like it, by degrees dispelled the doubts and difficulties in James's mind, and his simple, earnest wish to find the truth was rewarded by honest and hearty conviction. One only desire now possessed him—to be received into the Church, in which alone he believed, and thus, however humbly, to bear witness to the truth. And soon this joy was indeed his; and with a thankful heart he found himself one morning kneeling in the Church of ———, and received the sacred sign which was to make him Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. He was then duly prepared for Holy Communion, and became a fervent Catholic.

We must not suppose that this change was

effected without much personal trial and inward and outward suffering. It was not so hard, perhaps, to bear the scoffs and sneers of his former companions as the grave displeasure of his employers, to one of whom he was sincerely attached; and who intimated to him that henceforth he must seek work elsewhere, as they could not allow "Papists" in their establishment.

"It is curious," said the head of the firm to his partner, before the summons to James which was to decide his fate; "I can't for the life of me make out how it is that every one of our best hands, if they are good for anything, go over to Rome! Something must be done about it. We must make an example of James Wilson, and turn him off, or we shall have the whole house Catholic before long!"

"Well, what if we have?" replied his partner, who was himself of an old Catholic family, though he had unfortunately been brought up a Protestant to suit the views of a rich godfather who died, be it remarked in passing, without leaving him a farthing. "I don't see that they will paint our windows the worse for that, but rather the better."

"It would *never* do," said the head of the firm, decisively. "What would the Protestant clergy say if they were to come here and find nothing but Catholic workmen, I wonder? But it's too provoking, losing all our best men in this way."

Any further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of James himself, who stood quietly and silently, waiting to know his masters' pleasure.

Secretly irritated at the bad reason he had to give

for the dismissal of one who had been in all ways so well conducted, Mr. Fenton exclaimed:

"Wilson, you know on what favourable terms I have received you into this house, and that I have always been anxious to befriend you in every way in my power. But they tell me you have been fool enough to turn Papist, and leave the Church of England, in which you were born and brought up. Is that so?"

"It is, sir, thank God!" replied James, calmly and firmly.

"You may not consider it a cause for much thankfulness," retorted Mr. Fenton, drily, "when I tell you that you must, in consequence, leave this establishment. Your wages will cease from this day month."

James bowed, and withdrew in silence, but his heart was full. He had become an enthusiast in his art; and the thought of having to give it up altogether, and seek a living in some humbler way, was to the last degree distasteful to him. For an instant the thought flashed across him, "Was it worth this terrible sacrifice?" But he repulsed the feeling indignantly. Where were all his grand and high resolves? Was he to be a follower of Christ without the Cross?

In the evening he sought out his faithful friend, and detailed to him, with great straightforwardness and simplicity, the cause of this day's dismissal, and the craven feelings which had been the consequence.

Mr. Percival's brow contracted for a moment, and he murmured, half to himself:

"And this is the liberty of conscience we English

talk about so boastfully!" Then, grasping his young friend's hand, he exclaimed: "I congratulate you, dear old fellow! Now you are marked all right. I began to fear it would be too plain sailing, and that's not the way our faith grows and thrives. So, instead of being so downhearted, I tell you you must rejoice. And there's no fear about our getting work for you elsewhere. A good hand like you is sure to find some kind of employment. I'll see about it at once."

Mr. Percival was as good as his word; and before the month had elapsed James had been engaged by a Catholic firm, with the prospect of a higher salary should his talents come up to the expectations of his friend and recommender. One only thought now possessed him—one only prayer—that his twin sister might be led, like him, to know the truth, and to share with him the happiness that this knowledge brings.

She had remained in their native village with some old friends of his father's, and he knew it would be harder for her to see or hear of anything Catholic, still more to take a step which was sure to meet with the grave disapprobation of every member of the little world of which she formed a part. For, no matter what may be our outward circumstances, we have each a world of our own, and a strong tide of public opinion to combat if we choose to go against the stream. Nowhere is this felt more strongly than in a country place, where prejudices are more deeply rooted, and there is no succession of stirring events rapidly succeeding each other to make a sudden conversion subside

into a nine days' wonder. Still James hoped and prayed, and missed no opportunity, by letters, books, and words when they met, to influence his sister in the right direction. On the occasion of his last visit, when our story opened, he had brought her down a little statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child, which he had painted for her himself with great care, and fixed for her on a little bracket above the head of her bed.

"Promise me, Mary, you will always keep it there," he had said to her as he went away. "You bear her name, you know, and must learn to know and love her."

Mary promised; but deep down in her heart was the thought that it was of no use, she never could be a Romanist and quarrel with all her friends, and perhaps be turned out of doors besides. But her real affection for her brother made her keep her promise, and the little statue remained in its place.

So years passed on, each bearing its burden of good or evil, of sorrow or of joy.

A widow lady resided in the old Abbey, round which the little village still clustered as in olden times; and it was in one of these hamlets that Mary Wilson's lot was cast. She had rarely seen the occupier of the "big house" (as the poor people called it), except on occasions of harvest-homes or village feasts; but there was a something about her which made Mary feel she should like to send for her should sickness or trouble visit her home. For not far from her cottage lived a great friend of hers, a pretty, modest, loving young mother,

whose life had (humanly speaking) been saved by this lady's nursing, and she was never weary of telling the tale; "although," she would add, "she is unluckily a Romanist." A sort of mystery, therefore, was attached to her person, and a keener desire on Mary's part to know one who had what she called the same "curious delusion" as her brother.

But this knowledge was soon to come.

The autumn of 186— was unusually sickly. Fever of a low typhoid kind swept over the village, carrying off old and young; but the healthiest and strongest were generally taken first. The lady's hands and heart were full; and soon Mary's turn came. She had been ailing for a few days with pains in her back and head, yet without ever dreaming that the fell sickness would be hers. And now she too was laid low in the pride of her youth and strength and beauty. And the lady she had wished for was by her bedside, but she knew it not. Only in her delirium she would go on repeating, "Oh, it's too late! too late! What will people say?"

The doctor shook his head.

"She has something on her mind, that's clear," he exclaimed, "but no one in the house can make it out. Has she no near relations?"

Her brother was mentioned, and was telegraphed for by the doctor's desire. Until he came the lady sat on, bathing her forehead and hands, and administering every restorative in her power. Suddenly her eye fell on the little statue over the poor child's head. Who could have put it there? The

people of the house said it was her brother, and that she was very "choice" over it, and never would have it moved.

A hope sprung up in the lady's heart from those words, and she waited more eagerly than ever for the train which was to bring the giver of this mute token of faith and love.

Soon rapid steps were heard on the neatly-kept gravel walk; and a voice, hoarse with emotion, exclaimed, "Am I too late?"

In another moment he was in the room, and kneeling by that unconscious form.

"Mary, Mother of Mercy, plead for her!" groaned the poor fellow, as he sobbed by his sister's bed-side.

"Amen," responded the lady softly, whom till now he had not perceived.

"We are one in faith," she added, gently taking his hand; "let us pray together, that she also may be one with us."

And God heard their prayers, and raised up that poor child; and her first act was one of submission to the Church of God.

"Never shall I forget," she would often say in after years, "the agony I felt when I thought myself dying, and knew I had all along resisted grace, and that it was now too late. Then I recollected James's words, 'What will people's talk matter at the judgment day?' and it seemed to me as if I were in presence of Our Lord, and condemned in the particular judgment for ever and for ever—and oh! so justly!"

Our tale draws to its close. One fine bright October morning a carriage drove up to the cottage door, and Mary, carefully wrapped up in shawls, was placed by her brother by the lady's side; and the three drove happily yet silently to the little church, where the Bishop was waiting to administer the rite of Confirmation to many young and loving souls. Then followed the Sacred Feast, when the brother's wish was at last fulfilled; and in one faith, one hope, and one baptism, they were united now for evermore.

A GOOD CONFESSION.

It was a beautiful, bright morning in April; the scent of Neapolitan violets and Egyptian jessamine was mingled with the young blossoms of the orange-trees, and all creation seemed to be praising and glorifying God. Such were my thoughts as I walked rapidly past the gardens of the villas in the neighbourhood of Palermo, carrying on my arm the basket for which my Sicilian friends so continually laughed at me. But this time it did not contain food, but a crucifix, and a pair of candlesticks and candles, and a fair white cloth; for I was hurrying to prepare an altar for a poor dying friend of mine, the Signora N——, who this morning was to receive her viaticum for her last journey.

This poor lady had "seen better days," as the saying is; she had been wardrobe-woman to one of the exiled Bourbon royalties, but in the universal crash and ruin had been forgotten and left behind to suffer and to die. Soon her house was reached, the little altar neatly spread, some fresh flowers put in two little vases (a remnant of the luxury of her old home), and in a few minutes the sound of the bell announced her coming Lord. According to the custom in Sicily, the priest, before giving the Host, addressed a few burning words of love and hope in God to his dying penitent;

and this time the bearer of the Divine Guest was one consumed with devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, so that his words came with singular power. The service over, I went on to see a poor little French governess, dying of cancer, and there met the usual companion of my wanderings, the good Sœur Stéphanie.*

"I am so glad to have found you," she exclaimed. "I have just been asked to go and see a lady over the way who is very ill, the messenger says. Let us go and see what we can do for her."

We mounted the stairs of a respectable house to the first floor, where a tidy-looking servant was preparing some coffee.

"Oh, thank God and Our Lady that you are come!" she exclaimed. "My mistress will be so pleased. She has been wearying for you every day, but never had the courage to send for you till now."

We went into the adjoining room, and found a woman in bed, suffering from an internal tumour. Dropsy had supervened, and she was of immense size — almost suffocated, in fact, with the water which rose to her chest. She welcomed us joyfully, and told us her history. She was a Milanese, who had accompanied her husband, a petty officer, who was "Marshal of the Quarter," as they called it; but she had fallen sick soon after their arrival, and now her great desire was to get away from an island where she had suffered so much, and rejoin her children in Milan. But one thing troubled her more, and by degrees she

* This devoted Sister was afterwards sent to China, and was one of the victims in the massacre of Tientsin.

summoned up courage to speak of it. She was longing for a priest—longing to make her confession—longing for the Blessed Sacrament; but her husband, though very kind to her, had been imbued with the new doctrines, hated the Church and the priests from the Pope downwards, and vowed that none should ever darken his doors.

"I have hesitated a long while as to what was right, Sister," said the poor Milanese, turning to me; "but I feel I must obey God rather than man. I am to have another operation soon, and who knows if I shall live through it? I *must* make peace with God first. Now, there are certain hours when my husband is compelled to be on guard, from ten to twelve, and again from four to six. Could you bring me a priest at either of those hours?"

I promised, and was beginning to say a few sympathizing words to her, when the door opened brusquely, and a military man came in in uniform. He was a fine, soldier-like man, of about thirty-five years of age; but his face darkened as he looked at us, and he said to me, with a harsh, abrupt manner:

"May I ask what your business is here?"

I replied: "I heard that madame was ill, and as the Sister and I often visit the sick, we came to know if we could be of any use to her."

"Thank you," he answered, drily; "but I am not a poor man, thank God, and my wife is in need of nothing. Keep your charity, my good Sisters, for those who want it, and be so good as to leave us in peace."

So saying, he opened the door wide for us to go out.

Fearful of agitating the poor lady, who kept making

imploring gestures behind her husband's back, and glad that I had not compromised her by saying that she had sent for us, I shook hands with her, and, bowing to her husband, left the house with the Sister.

"We will manage the priest for her, though," I said, laughing, as we talked over our dismissal. "I am not going to let that poor soul die without the Sacraments for any number of marshals!"

As I walked home, I turned over in my mind how I could get over the man's prejudices, and a sudden thought occurred to me.

It was the religious dress to which he objected, or anything that savoured of religion. So, the next day, I dressed myself in my smartest clothes, ordered my own carriage, and drove up to the house at an hour when I knew the marshal would be at home. Sending up my card by my footman, it all happened exactly as I had foreseen. The marshal was enchanted at the honour done to his wife, and came himself to the carriage-door to ask me to alight. The instant I came in I saw that his wife recognized me; but I made her a rapid sign to be silent, and began talking quietly to her husband about the state of the country and the army, and the Prefect, whom I had just seen; and, in fact upon every topic most foreign to the object I had in view. But it answered perfectly. The marshal's heart was opened at once, and as he really loved his wife, he was profuse in his expressions of gratitude for my visit and in his entreaties that I would return.

After a time I rose to leave, and on shaking hands with them both, I said to him, laughing:

"You are much kinder to me to-day than you were yesterday!"

"What *can* you mean, lady?" he exclaimed; "I never had the honour of seeing you before."

I answered, smiling, "There is an old proverb that 'fine feathers make fine birds.' I came here yesterday in the common black dress of a Sister, and you turned me out. Now to-day I have got smart clothes on; but I'm the same woman, and I've come with the same motive."

The poor man's confusion was really pitiable. So I took his hand, and said:

"Now listen to me a little bit. You have plenty of sound common-sense: how could I go and see the sick in the dirty alleys of this town in a dress like this? In the first place I should spoil my clothes the first half-hour, which I can't afford to do; and in the second, I should feel as if my finery were a taunt to their poverty and misery. Besides," I added, laughing, "I am not sure that even such a good Marshal of the Quarter as you are could protect me if I went about with ornaments like these!" pointing to my ear-rings as I spoke. "So now you see why I go about in that quiet Sister's dress; and I am going to make you promise that in future you will receive all Sisters kindly for my sake."

The poor Milanese, who perfectly understood my drift, wept tears of joy when she saw her husband kiss my hand and renew his expressions of contrition for his conduct the day before; and I went away joyfully, for I felt that my point was gained.

A few days later, a fresh operation was considered necessary by the doctors. I went to the marshal, who was in great distress, and offered to be with her at the time, and to hold her hands. He accepted with gratitude, saying he had no nerve when she was concerned; that he could not stand being present; and finally he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. Now was my opportunity. I told him I must attach one condition to my coming, and that was that he would allow his wife to see a priest first to give her the consolations of our faith; that I would bring a very holy old Canon, known to the whole town for his irreproachable life and personal sanctity; but that I should like him to be in the ante-room during the operation, in case things should not go well.

"It will not make her die the sooner," I added. "On the contrary, she says it will give her strength to live; and that she feels with that help she can bear anything."

After a short struggle he yielded, saying, "Lady, after all that is past I can refuse you nothing."

I went gladly into his wife's room, told her the good news, and then hurried off to find the Canon, and try if possible to get him to come and hear her confession that evening. Ever ready for the service of his Master and eager for the salvation of souls, the Canon at once assented to all my proposals; and in the afternoon I had the joy of escorting him myself to the poor Milanese, choosing an hour when I knew her husband

would be on guard, so as to spare his feelings as much as possible. The next day the operation took place. She had received Holy Communion, and an expression of peace and joy such as I had never before seen on her face lit up her features, although contracted with pain. Even her husband remarked it, as he nervously went in and out of the sick-room, and said, with an attempt at a smile, that after all the "black Sister" was the best doctor.

She had begged me to hang at the foot of her bed a full-length picture of the Crucifixion, and a few minutes after the surgeons arrived. The Canon came in for an instant, gave her his blessing, and then went back into the ante-room to pray for her. The knowledge of this made her quite calm and glad; so much so that the surgeon who had operated on her before said he thought her much better, and more fit to undergo the pain than the last time. I took my place at the bed-head, holding her hands, and wiping the perspiration from her face, whispering to her the ejaculatory prayers she loved so well. Not a cry escaped her, though the blanching of the lips told of her suffering. In a few minutes all was over. A strong cordial was given her, and the life which had seemed ebbing away returned.

"She has borne it admirably," said the doctors, "and now only wants quiet, and nourishment every half-hour or so."

I called in the good old priest, whose prayers, I felt, had been her main strength, and after a few cheering words he left her. Going out, we met the

marshal, who, compelled by his duties to be away at the critical moment, was striding home, his face blanched with fear as to what he might see or hear on his return. One look at our glad faces was enough. Conquering his repugnance, he clasped the priest's hand.

"God bless you, Father, for your kindness to her!" was all he said, and we left him springing up the staircase with an eager, joyful step.

Weeks passed on. My visits to the poor Milanese became more frequent as her weakness increased. Holy books and flowers were her delight, and many a lesson did I learn from her uncomplaining faith and patience. But one sorrow now darkened her peaceful days, and that was her husband's state of mind. Though he welcomed me from his heart, and tolerated the good old Canon for his wife's sake, he was no nearer, that we could see, to any religious feeling himself, nor did he practise any religious duties. It was an unhealthy spring, and his night duty being often heavy, he caught at last a bad cold, which culminated in fever, and for a day or two his life was in danger. My visits to him seemed often to give him more pain than pleasure; yet he would listen for my step, his wife said, and never seemed to like any food so much as that which I had prepared. By degrees he got better; but still little or no progress seemed to have been made towards his conversion. "O that he could be got to perform his Easter duties!" was the one thought of his wife during all that Lent. We agreed to try and get all the prayers we could for this intention, not only from

the convents, but from all the holy souls we could find outside.

There are at Palermo a good number of ladies whom they call "ritirate"; that is, women whose duties to their families or to their aged relatives prevented their entering the cloister, but who wished to lead a life of greater perfection than could ordinarily be found in the world. These ladies, therefore, made themselves tertiaries of certain religious orders, lived in their own homes, but wore the religious dress, and kept the religious rule as far as was consistent with their home duties. One of these, Orsola R——, was a great friend of mine. They had a chapel in her mother's house; and she had obtained permission to choose a little room for herself, of which the windows looked into the chapel, and right down on the Blessed Sacrament. This room had not been intended for human habitation, and could only be got at by a ladder; but here Orsola established herself, with a board for her bed, and a piece of wood for a bolster, and was as happy as a queen. Up Orsola's ladder I clambered that afternoon, and poured out all my troubles, imploring her aid. She gladly promised to begin a novena with her tertiary friends, and to offer up all her penances and mortifications for my intention. Another lady offered to fast on bread and water during the whole of Holy Week for the same end.

Thus encouraged, the poor Milanese and I began to hope, and redoubled our prayers. Holy Week came,

and Good Friday, and still things remained apparently the same. I had been to a beautiful service for the "Three Hours" in the glorious convent of St. Catherine, where the music was more of heaven than of earth; and in the evening I had joined the crowd who were praying after the Tenebræ by the stripped altars of the cathedral. The only light was thrown on a large crucifix held in immense veneration by the people, and said to have come from the Holy Land. My thoughts were at Calvary, and at the scene I had witnessed there the year before on that awful night, when my attention was roused by a low sob behind me. I turned round instinctively, and there saw, with joy indescribable, the marshal on his knees, his head buried in his hands, and half-leaning against the foot of the cross. He did not see me, and I stole away and went to pour out my full heart of thanksgiving in another chapel.

But the next morning a note was brought for me from the Milanese. "For the love of God, come, if you can, early to-day, and rejoice with me," was all the note contained.

I went. The marshal was sitting by his wife's bed, holding her hand in his. Both had been crying, but they were tears of joy.

"You have conquered!" he said to me, as he rose and gave me his chair.

"It was rather our dear Lord," I said to him, grasping his hand.

He could say no more, but left the room; and then

his wife told me all. He had gone to the cathedral the evening before, with no thought but of guarding and escorting me home.

"He has done that scores of times, you know," she went on, "though you never dreamed of it, and he never would let me tell you. But he said you ran such risks in the present state of the town, and he would have murdered any one who tried to hurt a hair of your head. Well, he saw you go to the cathedral, and so he turned in too, as it was past eight o'clock, and he thought you would have to go home in the dark; and there are no carriages allowed in Palermo during the three last days of Holy Week. So he went in to wait for you, and then all of a sudden he said he felt struck just like St. Paul, and he could do nothing but fall flat on his knees, and cry and sob and beg for mercy, and ask to be shown the way God wished him to follow. And he forgot all about you, and everything but his sins, and his ingratitude to Him who had hung on that Cross for him, he said. And then, as he was getting up (he doesn't know how long he knelt there), he saw the good Canon sitting still in his confessional, and he went to him at once, and made a general confession of his whole life; and he came home like one in a dream, so sad and penitent, and yet so thankful and happy. And now he is going to see the Canon again to-day, and to-morrow he wants to make his Easter Communion by your side. May he?"

I need not add that all was done as he wished; but those of my readers who have had the patience to follow me in this true tale may be glad to

know that the marshal's conversion was hearty and real; that God has given him the gift of perseverance; and that he has been ever since a model of all good and holy things in thought, word, and deed.

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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
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Publications 33
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